

Stocking's Sugary Skull Intrigues Insects

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/31832779) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/31832779>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence , Major Character Death , Rape/Non-Con
Category:	F/F , F/M , M/M
Fandom:	Panty & Stocking with Garterbelt
Relationship:	Anarchy Panty/Anarchy Stocking , Anarchy Stocking/Original Character(s) , Anarchy Panty/Original Character(s)
Character:	TV Tropes (Anthropomorphic) , Anarchy Panty , Anarchy Stocking , Briefers "Brief" Rock , Honekoneko , Garterbelt (Panty & Stocking)
Additional Tags:	Manga & Anime , Cock & Ball Torture , Formicophilia , Neurophilia , Necrophilia , Incest , Dark Comedy , Horror , Comedy , Satire , TV Tropes , Parody , Fanfiction , Torture , Giantess - Freeform , Shrinking , Vore , Age Play , Fucked Up
Stats:	Published: 2021-06-09 Words: 27219

Stocking's Sugary Skull Intrigues Insects

by [xandermartin98](#)

Summary

In this Panty & Stocking With Garterbelt fanfic,

a group of ants enters the brain of Stocking Anarchy and then takes control of it.

STOCKING'S SUGARY SKULL INTRIGUES INSECTS

by XanderMartin98

During a very special crescent-moon-featuring (mid)night that undeniably was one of THE most interesting parts of an extremely weird and entertaining summer, in the incredibly large and tree-filled back yard of Daten City's Church, right next to both a brightly glowing campfire and a very-brightly pink tent, Stocking had just finished eating an obscenely large number of graham crackers, chocolate pieces and roasted marshmallows while Panty and Honekoneko painfully-boredly watched as she did so. In response to said completely shameless display of gluttony, Honekoneko angrily crossed his arms over his chest and growlingly thought "well, at least Panty and Stocking still are wearing their signature outfits rather than being naked or wearing utterly ridiculous-looking pajamas" to himself while Panty tiredly yawned and sighed.

"Jesus CHRIST, Stocking; are you fucking DONE yet? ALL of the sweet shit that you and I have just brought to this place is now gone because of you, you fucking brat! Your cat and I have been sitting on our asses next to this fucking campfire and waiting for you to stop sitting on YOUR ass and stuffing yourself with fucking sugar for, like, FIFTEEN FUCKING MINUTES! Do you REALLY have to daydream about how good sugar tastes EVERY SINGLE FUCKING TIME you

eat the stuff?” Panty got back up onto her feet, threw her arms out beside herself, and then exasperatedly yelled at Stocking while frantically waving said arms up and down as she did so. Meanwhile, Honekoneko got back up onto his own feet and completely-agreeingly nodded his head in response to what Panty was saying.

“Do YOU really have to yell and swear as much as you do, you naughty little harlot? The current time far-too-clearly is WAY past both of our bedtimes as we speak, you silly GOOSE!” Stocking got back up onto her own feet, crossed her arms over her chest, and then merrily teased/told Panty while grinning from ear to ear and having her eyes closed in an unbelievably smug-looking way as she did so. Needless to say, Panty and Honekoneko intensely rolled their eyes and exasperatedly groaned in response to how much of a total brat Stocking was being.

“Good night.” Honekoneko listlessly said as he reluctantly crawled back into Stocking’s aforementioned very-brightly pink tent through the “kitty door” that said girl had incredibly-adorably made sure that its entrance/exit door featured/contained and then immediately collapsed onto his soft little belly and fell asleep in said tent. Thankfully, Panty and Stocking properly opened the entrance/exit door of said tent and then crawled into it a few seconds later...but definitely not without intensely disagreeing with each other as they did so.

“Stocking, how many more times am I going to have to fucking TELL you that you NEED to stop eating so much sweet shit? You HAVE already made yourself as fat as a fucking house ONE time, you know; do you REALLY want to do so ANOTHER fucking time?” Panty tightly grabbed Stocking’s shoulders, looked directly into her eyes and angrily-yet-worriedly asked/warned her as the two of them sat in “criss-cross applesauce” positions and directly faced each other inside Stocking’s tent while their still-active campfire illuminated said tent and allowed them to see each other in the process. Frighteningly enough, Stocking loved being able to eat whatever she wanted to eat so much that she quite-literally did not care about how much danger she was putting both herself and her reputation into at all, and her face had said carelessness written all over itself.

“Why don’t you try asking those questions to a girl who ISN’T able to still be as slim and beautiful as I currently am while having my sugar fetish, sweetie pie?” Stocking shrugged her shoulders, closed her eyes while grinning from ear to ear as she did so, and incredibly-smugly asked/teased Panty. Meanwhile, Panty was busy locking the doors of Stocking’s tent so that bugs and the like wouldn’t be able to sneak into it while she, Stocking and Honekoneko were busy sleeping.

“FINE! Maybe I fucking WILL eventually do that, you snotty little bitch! Go ahead and send yourself into a SWEET dream or two, but please do not forget about the fact that me and your cat WILL be waiting for you to wake up and fucking APOLOGIZE for your insolence as you do so!” Panty crossed her arms over her chest and indignantly sneered at Stocking as said bitch gently placed herself underneath her blanket and then smilingly fell asleep while lying on her back and (for some reason) still being fully signature-clothed as she did so. Naturally enough, Panty initially wanted to also fall asleep after witnessing said example of how gracefully Stocking was able to do so...but then, Panty suddenly got an idea...an awful idea...Panty Syphilis Anarchy got a wonderful, AWFUL idea!

“HMM...sweet dreams...a sugar-loaded head...our tent being right next to an anthill whose inhabitants somehow have decided to NOT try to eat any of the sweet shit that was right next to our campfire before Stocking ate all of it...I WONDER...” Panty incredibly-mischievously smirked, rubbed her hands together and thought to herself as she crawled directly toward Stocking and then gently sang one of her angelic lullabies directly into the left ear of said sugar fetishist in order to make sure that she wouldn’t be able to wake up while her sister’s evil plan was being executed. Predictably enough, Stocking already was dreaming about candy and kittens so intensely that she actually did completely fall for said trick and make numerous painfully adorable squeaky noises in

the process; meanwhile, Panty lovingly kissed Stocking's left cheek and gently patted her head with her right hand, with Stocking remaining completely asleep as Panty did so.

"Alright, you pesky little ants; go a-HEAD and sneak into Stocking's sugary skull! Enter her adorably fragile and defenseless little brain and give her the headache that she COMPLETELY fucking deserves!" Panty sadistically thought to herself while devilishly grinning from ear to ear as she gently sang another one of her angelic lullabies directly into the right ear of Honekoneko and then incredibly-quietly unlocked and opened the aforementioned "kitty door" that Stocking's tent featured so that the ants that were living right next to said tent would become able to enter it. Naturally enough, exactly twenty-one highly white and male ones of said ants immediately began approaching the source of the extremely and quite-uniquely sugary aroma that was emanating from Stocking's brain and ears as Panty unlocked and opened said door.

"Stocking really is going to deserve what is about to happen to her SO fucking much..." Panty blushingly-and-drooling thought to herself as she idly and far-too-proudly sat and watched while the ants that she had just given access to Stocking's central nervous system to climbed/crawled into Stocking's tent through its "kitty door" and then immediately began climbing onto Stocking's body and into her ears while she was busy being far too deeply asleep to even be able to feel them crawling around on/in her. After sneaking their way past quite a bit of highly sensitive ear hair, being quite-pleasantly surprised by how remarkably sweet Stocking's ear wax tasted, and rather-surprisingly NOT doing some good old-fashioned musical playing with the quite-amusingly literal ear drums that were horizontally lying on the floors of Stocking's ear canals while being glued to said floors by quite-weirdly indestructible "super chunks" of said ear wax as they did so, said ants (who all were bare-footedly wearing blue jeans and four-sleeved shirts for some reason) finally reached the ironically humble abode of Stocking's rather small but incredibly soft, squishy, fleshy, veiny, wrinkly and delicious-looking brain.

"Alright, my trusty slaves; are you ready for some good old-fashioned SKULLduggery? Heh heh heh..." Fighteer (the "king" of the group of ants that had just snuck into Stocking's head) said in a quite-excessively thick and fake-sounding hillbilly accent while wearing black sunglasses in order to try (and fail) to make himself look cool and having comically big and yellow buck teeth that were rather-suspiciously artificial-looking as he did so. "YES..." Fighteer's minions/slaves (who were disturbingly skinny while he was remarkably fat) exasperatedly groaned as he and them immediately began climbing their way up Stocking's brain stem and into her delightfully spongy and throbbing cerebrum, with Stocking still being both incredibly-deeply asleep and blissfully unaware of the fact that her utterly adorable little head was about to become their new home as they did so.

"I really am going to be laughing so fucking much when Stocking finds out about the fact that her precious little skull has been invaded by insects and therefore freaks out in a hilariously over-the-top way..." Panty smirkingly thought to herself as she used the "X-Ray vision" feature of her quite literal angel eyes as a way to look directly into Stocking's head and see how arousingly-deeply its new occupants already were inside it. Predictably enough, Fighteer and his minions/slaves already had reached the rather-amusingly hollow interior of Stocking's brain as the intensely smiling and aroused Panty did so.

"Good night, sweet princess..." Panty tightly locked the doors of Stocking's tent and mockingly told her before then exhaustedly-yet-gently collapsing onto the floor of said tent and becoming almost as deeply asleep as she had just caused Stocking and Honekoneko to become. Unfortunately for the rather-weirdly fully signature-clothed Panty, however, Fighteer and his minions knew QUITE a few things about how to control/manipulate people, and the frontal lobe of Stocking's brain contained an absolutely huge super-computer that was an incredibly perfect tool for an incredibly literal and entertaining example of doing so.

Once Fighteer had finally finished hacking into Stocking's Central Nervous Super-Computer in order to make her brain's already-asleep security system think that he and his minions/slaves belonged in her head and quite-literally see what was going on in said head with his incredibly nosy eyes, he and the aforementioned minions/slaves that were standing right behind him as he dug his way through Stocking's memory/information banks far-too-quickly found themselves being extremely disappointed by the things/secrets that they found. Said things/secrets entirely were laughably generic crap such as "Stocking secretly loves Brief", "Stocking originally was a human rather than being an angel", "Stocking currently is dreaming about candy, kittens and rainbows", and...the fact that Panty's popularity had made Stocking so jealous that she wanted to KILL Panty? Needless to say, the freaked-out-ness that discovering said fact initially caused Fighteer and his minions to experience very-quickly became replaced by mischievous and sadistic excitement as Fighteer somewhat-reluctantly decided to make Stocking do the extremely disturbing and mental-illness-implying thing(s) that said urge basically was telling her to do.

"I...I'm being so NICE...so nice to this insipid...little SKANK...tolerating her REVOLTING perverted-ness..." Stocking suddenly woke up and then immediately began creepy-soundingly thinking to herself while very-quietly crawling toward Panty and seethingly looking straight down at her as she did so. Meanwhile, inside Stocking's brain, Fighteer and his minions already were shaking with both excitement and fear as they heard said thoughts while quite-literally seeing what she was doing through her eyes due to the fact that one of the main features of her Central Nervous Super-Computer was it being able to display exactly what she was looking at with said eyes in glorious HD.

"My hands...the fact that they have touched Panty has made them so fucking dirty...THE DIRT WON'T COME OFF! HYAAAGGGH!" Stocking sat on the floor of her tent in a "criss-cross applesauce" position, looked down at the palms of her hands and regretfully thought to herself...before then internally screaming like a complete maniac while extremely-tightly clutching her head with both of said hands as she did so. Meanwhile, Fighteer rather-quickly began wishing that he had some thickly butter-covered popcorn to munch on and refuse to share with anyone else like the utterly disgusting piece of white trash that he was.

"The best character...what a fucking JOKE...the best character of WHAT?! This utterly overrated and terrible show..." Stocking continued sitting on the floor of her tent in a "criss-cross applesauce" position, crossed her arms over her chest and regretfully thought to herself. Meanwhile, inside Stocking's brain, Fighteer suddenly began thinking about killing Stocking due to the fact that she had just said a negative thing about the Panty & Stocking With Garterbelt franchise. Luckily, however, Fighteer was far too sadistic and manipulative to actually want to stop playing with Stocking's body before she even became properly aware of the fact that he was inside said body, and his minions/slaves were FAR-too-completely aware of said fact.

"HOW my fellow Daten City dwellers love her...LOOK AT HER...lying there ASLEEP...the IDOL of MILLIONS...she's a FOOL! Nothing but a BLIND, SILLY LITTLE FOOL..." Stocking got down onto her hands and knees, crawled toward Panty and increasingly-excitedly thought to herself while smirkingly looking straight down at said fool as she did so. Meanwhile, inside Stocking's brain, Fighteer told his minions/slaves to climb up the inner surface of said brain and then climb onto Stocking's brain cell transportation wires from there in order to directly attack her neurons while he masturbated as they did so.

"How easily...I could have...ended the utterly pathetic farce that Panty's life currently is MONTHS ago...with THESE hands...these...DIRTY...hands..." Stocking intensely-smilingly thought to herself as she looked down at her hands again while suddenly beginning to quite-vividly imagine herself breaking Panty's neck with said hands as she did so. Meanwhile, inside Stocking's brain, Fighteer's minions/slaves were climbing onto Stocking's brain cell transportation wires while

Fighteer was extremely-proudly masturbating to a combination of Stocking's mental illness and the work that he was forcing his minions/slaves to do for him.

"AND with THESE hands, I hold the FATE of MILLIONS..." Stocking contemplatively thought to herself as she suddenly turned the palms of her hands directly toward Panty and then very-creepy-lookingly wiggled her fingers up and down while extremely-coldly staring at Panty as she did so. Meanwhile, inside Stocking's brain, Fighteer's minions/slaves were getting themselves ready to bite Stocking's neurons while Fighteer was getting himself ready to experience a rather intense orgasm.

"Her fans think that she is a fucking GODDESS...but SHE'S JUST AS MORTAL AS ME...I KNOW!" Stocking jealously thought to herself while scanning Panty's body with her eyes like a serial killer and suddenly beginning to even-more-vividly envision herself twisting/snapping Panty's neck with her bare hands as she did so. Meanwhile, inside Stocking's brain, Fighteer and his minions/slaves began saying "10...9...8...7...6...5...4...3...2...1..." to themselves for incredibly weird and obvious reasons.

"JUST...ONE...QUICK...TWIST...and all of this nonsense will immediately become over...JUST...ONE..." Stocking droolingly, blushingly and intensely-arousedly thought to herself while psychotically grinning from ear to ear as she turned her hands into incredibly demonic-looking claws while moving them progressively closer to Panty's neck as she did so. Fortunately, however, Stocking got interrupted by Fighteer's minions/slaves attacking her brain before her hands reached Panty's neck.

"HWAAAUUGGGH! It's happening AGAAAIN! My BRAIN! MY HOT...STINGING...BRAAAAAAIN!" Stocking squirmingly curled herself up into an upright fetus-shaped ball on the floor of her tent, extremely-tightly clutched her head using both of her hands and maniacally shrieked in agony as Fighteer's minions/slaves bit her neurons and extremely-cartoonishly electrocuted themselves in the process while Fighteer moaningly-and-blushingly creamed himself in response to the absolutely massive amounts of pain that said minions/slaves and Stocking were experiencing. Needless to say, Panty and Honekoneko immediately woke up in extremely frightened-and-confused-looking ways after hearing said incredibly loud and over-dramatic screaming.

"HYAAAGGGH! HYAAAGGGH! HYAAAGGGH!" Stocking frantically rolled and writhed on the floor of her tent and helplessly screamed in pain while tightly clutching her head with both of her hands as Fighteer's minions/slaves continued biting her neurons until they became completely exhausted due to how much they had just electrocuted themselves and therefore unconsciously fell back down onto the floor of her brain. As Stocking rolled and writhed on the aforementioned floor of her tent, Fighteer and his minions/slaves got knocked/bounced around like tennis balls due to how much she was moving her head around, causing them to repeatedly and rather-forcefully hit the inner surface of her brain while the quite literal headache that they had just started giving to her suddenly became even more unbearably intense and dizzying as a result of said brain-hitting.

"HYOOOGGGH..." Stocking light-headedly flapped her arms as if they were wings and exhaustedly groaned in pain as Fighteer droolingly-excitedly crawled back out of her cerebrum and then directly attacked her cerebellum and brain stem by repeatedly and rather-savagely biting them until they were quite-intensely bleeding and weren't even functional enough to be able to properly keep her awake. Predictably enough, the result of said brain-biting was Stocking completely collapsing onto the floor of her tent while basically falling asleep as she did so.

"Oh my GOD, Stocking; are you OKAY?" Panty crawled toward the unconscious, drooling, cross-eyed and bloody-nosed body of Stocking and horrifiedly asked said girl while grabbing her

shoulders with her hands and rather-intensely shaking her as she did so. Meanwhile, Honekoneko was quite-loudly yelling “MEOW”, “STOCKING” and the like into Stocking’s ears in order to hopefully get her to wake back up. Unfortunately, however, Stocking already had received so much brain damage that she quite-literally was completely unable to do so without Fighteer’s assistance.

“Well, I certainly COULD use another utterly fucking beautiful body to have completely unprotected and disgustingly immoral sex with the main owner of...” Panty intensely-blushingly thought to herself as she gently-and-lovingly removed Stocking’s footwear and then immediately began licking, sucking, kissing and sniffing the rather-weirdly sweet-smelling and sweet-tasting feet and toes of said girl before then almost-as-immediately removing both the rest of said girl’s clothes and all of her own clothes and far-too-excitedly readying herself for some good old-fashioned actual sex with said girl. Once Panty had finally finished doing said clothing-removing, Honekoneko quite-nearly vomited in disgust due to the fact that Panty basically was being an incestuous necrophile while Fighteer lecherously-grinningly took complete control of Stocking’s barely-even-still-alive body (by crawling back into her brain and then using her Central Nervous Super-Computer, naturally enough) in order to force her to fully-awakely (but extremely-disorientedly and almost-completely-brainlessly) participate in one of his favorite types of sex...ambiguously pedophilic/ephebophilic incest, of course!

“YEAH...come on and fucking RIDE this utterly adorable little horsey, partner...” Fighteer extremely-arousedly moaned as Panty and the retarded-soundingly laughing Stocking increasingly-intensely scissored each other, licked and kissed each other, stuck their fingers into each other’s vaginas and played with each other’s breasts while Panty sang various nursery rhymes to Stocking, called herself Stocking’s “mommy”, spanked Stocking right on her cute and “naughty” little butt, and reminded Stocking about how to count and what the proper “A-to-Z” order of the alphabet’s letters was. Needless to say, anyone who mocked Fighteer for how much he enjoyed participating in atrocities such as the one that this paragraph is about while being weak enough for him to be able to easily kill him/her and not have to worry about him/her fighting back while he was doing so immediately got “banned” from existence by him, which was a rather-excessively big part of why the populations of the web sites- I mean, ant colonies that he became a leader of always dwindled so quickly.

“MMM...you really are SO fucking DELICIOUS, my beloved sister...” Panty orgasmically moaned as she and Stocking gleefully filled each other’s vaginas with their “love juice” before then immediately collapsing onto the floor of Stocking’s tent and falling back asleep due to how immensely exhausted the sex that they had just had with each other had caused them to become. Meanwhile, Fighteer self-lovingly ate the cum that he had just squirted from his penis in response to said sex right off of his naturally sticky hands and feet and then equally-immediately collapsed onto the floor of Stocking’s brain and fell asleep in a way that had “Spider-Man” written all over itself while his minions/slaves were just-as-asleeply recovering from how much they had just electrocuted themselves. After shrugging his shoulders and rather-loudly sighing while very-depressedly thinking “This night really has been one of THOSE nights, hasn’t it?” to himself, Honekoneko quite-reluctantly fell asleep and waited for Panty and Stocking to wake back up and then immediately start engaging in even more utterly cartoonish and ridiculous shenanigans.

LATER, AFTER STOCKING’S BRAIN HAD FINISHED HEALING/REPAIRING ITSELF...

“Umm...Panty? Would you mind telling me what has been going on in this tent?” Stocking dizzily and aching-headedly looked at her naked body that quite a bit of Panty’s saliva seemed to be on and very-nervously asked Panty while surprisingly-gently clutching her highly ant-containing head with her right hand as she and said whore suddenly woke up at roughly 11:00 AM during the same morning that they technically had fallen asleep during after having their aforementioned incestuous sex with each other. Meanwhile, inside Stocking’s brain, while Honekoneko was busy waking back

up, rubbing his eyes with his hands and exhaustedly groaning in Stocking's tent, Fighteer and his minions/slaves already had woken back up and fully recovered from their tiredness/injuries and were mischievously-grinningly gathered around Stocking's Central Nervous Super-Computer, with Fighteer continuing to be one of the two main operators of said computer (with the other one of said operators being Stocking) while Stocking quite-literally began wondering who/what had gotten into her while she had been getting her aforementioned beauty rest.

"What do you mean, you utterly precious little princess?" Panty shrugged her shoulders, rubbed her eyes with her hands and incredibly-smugly asked/teased Stocking, causing said sugar lover to exasperatedly roll her eyes and groan in response to said teasing as Panty lovingly hugged her and even-more-lovingly kissed her right on her left cheek. Meanwhile, inside Stocking's brain, Fighteer and his minions/slaves increasingly-excitedly waited for Stocking's reaction to Panty telling her about the fact that she had just had sex with her to occur.

"Why are the two of us naked and MOIST right now?" Stocking angrily-and-tremblingly asked Panty as she very-worriedly felt her sugar-loaded naked body with her blue-fingernailed hands while Panty very-arousedly felt her sexually-transmitted-germ-loaded naked body with her red-fingernailed hands. After sensing the opportunity to strike that Stocking had just given to her, Panty immediately leaned directly toward Stocking in order to whisper said question's answer equally-directly into the left ear of said girl while erotically licking said ear as she did so.

"You and I had COMPLETELY unprotected sex with each other last night!" Panty smirkingly whispered into Stocking's left ear, causing said girl to suddenly have extremely small pupils and look utterly horrified as she readied herself to release one of THE biggest and loudest screams of her entire life. Once Panty had finished delivering said utterly traumatizing piece of sexual-intercourse-related news to Stocking, Fighteer, his minions/slaves and Honekoneko extremely-tightly covered their ears with their hands and equally-tightly closed their eyes while Panty also did both of said things.

"HYAAAUUGGGH!" Stocking Earth-shakingly shrieked in horror before then immediately and quite-frantically crawling back out of her tent while Panty snickeringly followed her out of said tent. "Please, Panty...PLEASE don't tell me that said sex was a result of-" Stocking fearfully-and-sweatingly stammered while sitting right next to her campfire in a "crab walk" position and giving an absolutely beautiful view of her legs and vagina to both Panty and the viewers of her show in the process as Honekoneko rather-reluctantly walked back out of her tent through the same entrance/exit door that she and Panty had just exited it through so that his owner would have a stress-relieving thing to hug if/when Panty went WAY too far with her "mercilessly teasing/trolling Stocking" routine.

"Oh, YES; I allowed a WHOLE bunch of fucking nasty little ants to enter your head by sneaking through your pretty little ears and then take control of your brain in order to basically FORCE you to have sex with me! You should be PROUD of me right now, you silly GOOSE! Your skull probably is the nicest and most entertaining home that said ants have lived in so far!" Panty chucklingly patted Stocking's back with her right hand and incredibly-callously told/teased her. Meanwhile, inside Stocking's brain, Fighteer placed a memory-uploading helmet that Stocking's Central Nervous Super-Computer somehow contained onto his head and then uploaded his memories of him controlling Stocking's brain in order to basically force her to have sex with Panty directly into Stocking's memory/information banks by using said helmet so that Stocking would know that Panty wasn't lying to her. Meanwhile, right next to Stocking's campfire, Stocking became so horrifyingly aware of how utterly helpless she had become that she quite-understandably curled herself up into another upright fetus-shaped ball and became both completely motionless and totally speechless while having quite-nearly microscopic pupils as she did so.

“Aww; have you decided that you can’t handle how much I’m scaring you right now?” Panty unbelievably-shamelessly asked/teased Stocking while intensely fingering herself with her red-fingernailed right hand in response to how utterly traumatized and helpless Stocking far-too-clearly looked and was as she did so. To put it QUITE mildly, Panty’s behavior was starting to disgust Stocking even more than the fact that Fighteer and his minions/slaves had just turned her cranium into their new home, and Honekoneko could far-too-clearly see that Panty and said ants already had pushed the poor girl considerably too far for the type of comfort that hugging him gave to her to be able to properly cancel out how absolutely-unbearably uncomfortable she was becoming.

“Have YOU decided to start MASTURBATING to how much you’re scaring me right now, you utterly sick FUCK?!” Stocking indignantly crossed her arms over her chest and infuriatedly yelled at the completely un-surprised and rather amused-looking Panty while having both brightly red skin and ears that quite a bit of very hot steam was coming out of both of as she did so. Meanwhile, inside Stocking’s delightfully warm and cozy brain, while Honekoneko was busy angrily crossing his arms over his chest and head-shakingly and soul-piercingly glaring at Panty in quite-nearly immeasurable disgust as said utterly sick fuck far-too-quickly began creaming her panties, Fighteer activated the “Speech Control / Communication With Brain’s Owner” microphone that Stocking’s Central Nervous Super-Computer featured in order to force said girl to...talk to herself?

“Oh, STOCKING?” Stocking playfully asked/teased herself in Fighteer’s voice before then immediately and extremely-tightly covering her mouth with both of her hands while looking incredibly horrified as she did so. “What would you like to ASK me about, you sickeningly adorable little angel?!” Stocking rather-unhinged-lookingly asked/teased herself in her own voice while bloodshot-eyedly grinning from ear to ear and rather-creepy-soundingly chuckling as she did so.

“Are you actually ENJOYING how much utterly horrific torture you currently are being forced to endure? Is the fact that your skull currently is the home of a bunch of disgusting insects turning you on? ARE YOU AUTISTIC? You can tell me!” Stocking mockingly told herself in Fighteer’s voice while Honekoneko loudly-sighingly thought “well, at least Stocking isn’t as autistic as whoever wrote this incredibly pretentious garbage...” to himself in response to the extremely large amount of Stocking’s increasingly disturbing and increasingly mental-illness-involving shenanigans that he had just heard and seen. “WHAT?!” Stocking tightly clutched her intensely aching head using both of her hands and bewilderedly shrieked in her own voice as Fighteer maliciously-grinningly activated her Central Nervous Super-Computer’s “Personality Displayer” program in order to see what the actual main things that were going on in her utterly adorable little brain were.

“Of COURSE not! Why would you say that? I’m not autistic or masochistic at ALL! I just am a NATURALLY weird character! In fact, one of the main differences between me and Panty is the fact that I am an interesting character while she is a boring one!” Stocking intensely-sweatingly stammered in her own voice while continuing to curl herself up into an upright fetus-shaped ball and tightly clutch her intensely aching head using both of her hands as she did so. Once Stocking had finished delivering said piece of dialogue, Panty threw her arms out beside herself and indignantly yelled “HEY!” at Stocking while Honekoneko covered his mouth with his hands and blushing-yet-teasingly giggled due to how painfully true the thing that Stocking had just said about Panty actually was despite how incredibly insulting it was.

“UH-OH! I now am able to see all of your precious little main personality traits, you fucking pathetic piece of rule-breaking SHIT!” Stocking suddenly began incredibly-teasingly saying to herself in Fighteer’s voice as Fighteer and his minions/slaves suddenly saw the exact same things that Stocking had just told them that her brain did NOT contain (along with quite a few other highly interesting things) being far-too-clearly displayed by her Central Nervous Super-Computer’s

aforementioned “Personality Displayer” program. Meanwhile, Panty and Honekoneko very-excited-lookingly perked up their ears in order to become able to more-effectively hear what Fighteer was about to surprisingly-truthfully say about Stocking.

“Let’s see here; you are: extremely narcissistic and pseudo-intellectual, quite-possibly even more sadistic than me at times, and...wait for it...**INCREDIBLY MASOCHISTIC AND AUTISTIC!** How do you like **THEM** corn dogs and pancakes, you fucking retarded **CHINK?!**” Stocking incredibly-hatefully sneered at herself in Fighteer’s extremely buck-toothed-redneck-ish voice while causing Panty and Honekoneko to cringingly gasp in a rather complicated mixture of surprise, anger and disgust that thankfully was mostly directed at Fighteer and his aforementioned “retarded chink” utterance rather than being directed at her as she did so. Meanwhile, inside Stocking’s brain, how much Stocking had just been abused and humiliated by Panty and Fighteer caused the part of her mind that normally prevented her from being able to completely lose her sanity to break itself into pieces as if it was an utterly pathetic little twig.

“**AHHHHHH HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HAAHHH!**” Stocking suddenly jumped straight back up onto her feet, threw her arms out beside herself, looked straight up toward the sky and began maniacally laughing like a combination of Ren Hoek and Renge Houshakuji while Panty and Honekoneko utterly-horrified-lookingly stared at her and gave “chill out” / “back off” gestures to her with their hands as she did so. Meanwhile, inside Stocking’s brain, Fighteer’s minions/slaves extremely-worriedly began trying to tell him that he was going **WAY** too far with punishing Stocking for the fact that she was a type of person that he didn’t like, causing him to extremely-angry-soundingly tell them that they needed to **IMMEDIATELY** stop disagreeing with him like a bunch of “stupid fucking n***ers” if they didn’t want him to violently beat them to death with his bare hands and/or quite-literally rape them in response to said warning.

“**OH, PAN-TEEEEEEE! COME HEEEEEEERE!**” Stocking danced/spun around like a ballerina and bloodshot-eyedly sang while psychotically grinning from ear to ear as she extremely-forcefully grabbed Panty with her hands and then immediately dragged said whore into her (Stocking’s) tent for some good old-fashioned corporal punishment that was made even more terrifying by the fact that Fighteer and his minions/slaves actually had been made completely unable to control her mind by how utterly insane she had become. Meanwhile, Honekoneko speechlessly looked at the total lunatic that Stocking had been turned into and rather-loudly gulped while rather-intensely trembling with extremely understandable fear as Stocking very-tightly locked both Panty and herself into her aforementioned tent.

“**APOLOGIZE FOR THE FACT THAT YOU HAVE DELIBERATELY ALLOWED THE ANTS THAT CURRENTLY ARE INSIDE MY FUCKING HEAD TO ENTER IT RIGHT FUCKING NOW, YOU SADISTIC FUCKING WHORE!**” Stocking unbelievably-furiously screamed at Panty as she pinned said whore down into a “lying on her back” position on the floor of her (Stocking’s) tent and delivered numerous extremely forceful and even-more-extremely deserved punches to the pretty little face of said whore with her bare hands while knocking quite a few of the teeth of said whore right out of the mouth of said whore in the process. Meanwhile, Honekoneko very-reluctantly tip-toed toward the “kitty door” of Stocking’s tent but completely-understandably was too afraid of what Panty and Fighteer had just turned Stocking into to even be brave enough to enter said tent.

“(spits out quite a bit of blood and loudly coughs) Look; if you want me to fix this ‘ants in the brain’ problem of yours, then why don’t you just shrink me and then send **ME** into your head?” Panty surprisingly-calmly asked Stocking while making a quite-surprisingly good point in the process. “**TRY AGAIN!**” Stocking hatefully roared at Panty as she unleashed yet another utterly brutal barrage of punches directly into the face of said whore before then repeatedly stomping on said face with her bare feet until said whore quite-nearly became completely unconscious.

“STOCKING, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, PLEASE STOP DOING THE THING THAT YOU CURRENTLY ARE DOING! PLEASE! YOU’RE ABOUT TO FUCKING KILL YOUR OWN SISTER!” Honekoneko tightly grabbed Stocking’s right arm with his hands and horrifiedly screamed at her after burning the aforementioned “kitty door” of her tent into ashes with his fire breath and then immediately running straight into said tent through the hole that he had just created by doing said door-burning in order to confront her. Meanwhile, Stocking already was mercilessly strangling Panty to death with her bare hands while said whore quite-loudly choked and coughed and started to have an increasingly discolored face in response to said strangulation.

“OH, MY GOD; YOU’RE FUCKING RI-HI-HI-HIGGGHT!” Stocking devastatedly screamed and cried as she suddenly stopped strangling Panty with her bare hands in order to then even-more-suddenly collapse onto the floor of her tent, curl herself up into a sideways fetus-shaped ball, bury her face in her hands and helplessly sob while Panty (whose face was heavily bruised, had an intensely bleeding nose, and had two black eyes) immediately ran back into Daten City’s Church and then entered its kitchen in order to send an extremely important phone call to Daten City’s nearest painfully stereotypical German doctor. Meanwhile, Honekoneko gently petted and hugged Stocking and told her that everything was going to be okay while the poor girl continued sobbing like the total basket case that she had been turned into (and, of course, while Fighdeer incredibly-intensely masturbated to the unbelievably massive amount of pain that she was experiencing due to what he and Panty had just done to her).

“Um...hello? Is your name (snickers) Blitzkrieten Von Finkelhoffer?” Panty somewhat-reluctantly asked Doktor Finkelhoffer by using her kitchen phone while Garterbelt and Brief were drunkenly-and-lazily sleeping on their beds. Thankfully, Doktor Finkelhoffer answered said question as quickly as he was able to...but not without having an astonishingly thick and hilariously fake-sounding German accent as he did so.

“Inteed, mein vonterful name IS Plitzkrieden Fon Finkelhoffer, und I am one of zee most prilliant und hamasing sciendists zat vu vill EFFER meet! Hoveffer, vu sdill must answer zeze fery himbordant gueszions for me: vat is your name, und vat zeems to currently pe your metical broplem?” Doktor Finkelhoffer surprisingly-interestedly greeted and asked Panty. Meanwhile, said whore rather-intensely held her breath in order to prevent herself from laughing at the voice of said doctor.

“Well, you see, my name is Panty Anarchy, and said medical problem actually is one that my sister, whose name is Stocking Anarchy, currently is suffering from; to put it rather mildly, she has ants in her brain and can’t get them out of it...” Panty surprisingly-calmly began explaining to Doktor Finkelhoffer while not even wanting to imagine what said ants were doing in said brain as she did so. Meanwhile, inside Stocking’s brain, Fighdeer (who had just eaten a rather large amount of his own cum and called said cum “finger-licking good” while doing so) was fatly-and-merrily drinking a remarkably large amount of the extremely sugar-loaded “sweet dream juice” that said brain contained a basically infinite supply of through a giant straw that he had just pulled out of one of his pockets and then inserted into the floor of said brain while his minions/slaves were thinly-and-depressedly drinking pitifully small amounts of said juice through considerably less giant straws that they had just pulled out of their own pockets and then inserted into said floor.

“So, uhh...what exactly DO you think that those ants are doing inside your head right now?” Honekoneko crossed his arms behind his back and rather-worriedly asked Stocking while very-nervous-lookingly standing right next to her as he did so. Meanwhile, Stocking was busy completely-understandably looking and acting like a total nervous wreck and barely even being able to keep her head upright due to how intensely the fact that said ants were inside her skull was causing her to want to wig out while Fighdeer began using her Central Nervous Super-Computer’s inexplicably existent ability to turn the imaginary food/objects that her mind contained into actual

food/objects as a way to shamelessly stuff himself with sweets, sandwiches and the like while giving a disgustingly tiny amount of said food to his minions/slaves as he did so.

“I...I think that they’ve started eating my thoughts...” Stocking horrifiedly stammered as she helplessly trembled on the floor of her tent while curling herself up into an upright fetus-shaped ball as she did so. Meanwhile, in the aforementioned kitchen of Daten City’s Church, Panty regretfully shook her head and extremely-worriedly thought “I don’t even think that this fucking guy is a real German person, let alone a real professional doctor...” to herself as Doktor Finkelhoffer replied to what said whore had just said to him and continued to have THE most obnoxiously stereotypical “German” voice on Earth as he did so.

“Vait a minute...VHAT did vu chust zay? I currently am sbeaking vith zee zister of Sdocking Anarchy, vo guite-brobably is ZEE most hutderly hatoraple girl on zis endire blanet...und vu vant me to berform zurgery zat vill allow me to zee her brecious little PRAIN on her? I zink zat vu halready know vat ZIS means, voman; I'll fix Sdocking's prain for FREE!” Doktor Finkelhoffer extremely-excitedly told Panty before then maniacally laughing while one of the incredibly huge lightning bolts that the thunderstorm that his extremely ominous-looking medical castle quite-literally NEVER stopped being surrounded by made an incredibly loud background noise in order to make the fact that he was “hutderly” insane even more painfully obvious. Despite how intensely Panty rolled her eyes and groaned in response to Doktor Finkelhoffer’s aforementioned “evil” laughter, she incredibly-reluctantly decided to save a quite large amount of money by immediately accepting his offer once he had FINALLY stopped laughing.

“Whatever...just be ready when Stocking and I get to that fucking lightning-attracting secret laboratory of yours, because me and her are going to quite-literally FLY straight to it after this conversation ends!” Panty shrugged her shoulders and chucklingly told/warned Doktor Finkelhoffer before then finally ending her conversation with him and setting her kitchen phone down atop the dining table of the kitchen of Daten City’s Church. “Finally, one of mein vildest dreams has come true! MWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAH!” Doktor Finkelhoffer fanboyishly yelled and laughed with lightning-bolt-producing excitement as Panty immediately ran back into Stocking’s tent in order to tell her about where she wanted to take her before she (Stocking) got sent to Afterlife Land.

“Stocking, PLEASE listen to me; I absolutely fucking NEED to take you to Daten City’s nearest and least money-charging doctor in order to get the ants that far-too-clearly are inside your head as we speak out of said head! You probably are going to fucking DIE if I do not do so!” Panty tightly grabbed Stocking’s shoulders and then frustratedly yelled at said girl while violently shaking her and looking directly into her eyes as she did so. For some reason, Stocking mischievously smiled and rather-smug-lookingly shook her head in response to said warning.

“So, in other words, you want me to get my brain played with by an utterly horrifying lunatic who has an INCREDIBLY thick German accent and does his medical work in a fucking CASTLE?” Stocking sat in a “criss-cross applesauce” position, crossed her arms over her chest and rather-confused-lookingly asked Panty. “Yup.” Panty shrugged her shoulders and flatly replied while quite-loudly sighing as she did so.

“Well, due to how much I currently want to die...THAT REALLY DOES SOUND SO FUCKING FUN! LET’S GO TO SAID CASTLE RIGHT NOW!” Stocking surprisingly-calmly began telling Panty...before then maniacally yelling and laughing while extremely-tightly clutching her intensely aching head with both of her hands and dementedly grinning from ear to ear as she did so. Naturally enough, Panty reacted to said outburst by horrifiedly cringing while Fighdeer reacted to it by sadistically smiling and rubbing his hands together as if he was a fat, gross, stupid, racist and buck-toothed fly while thinking “Wow...and I thought that NORMAL women were fucking useless

and whiny bitches that caused me to want to kill them! I'm not even controlling what Stocking says and does right now, yet the fucking bratty little zipperhead somehow STILL thinks that being the total self-pitying BABY that she currently is being is more important than getting actually good medical help! At this point, I don't even know whether I want to run her over with my good old pickup truck or shoot her right in her genetically inferior little head with one of my big old ray guns- I mean, shotguns more intensely!" to himself as he did so.

"Well, we PROBABLY should put our signature clothes back onto our bodies first, because without public decency, we are NOTHING!" Panty placed her hands onto her hips and merrily told/teased Stocking while incredibly-smug-lookingly grinning and closing her eyes as she did so. Naturally enough, Stocking incredibly-smug-lookingly grinned and closed her own eyes while thinking "RIGHT, Panty; of COURSE you care about public decency!" in response to said incredibly hypocritical advice.

ONE CLOTHING CHANGE LATER...

"Heh heh heh...our fellow Daten City dwellers really do look SO fucking small and pathetic when the two of us look down at them while flying above them like the angels that we are; in fact, they kind of look like-" Panty chucklingly began telling Stocking for at least the hundredth time as she and said mind control victim effortlessly and signature-clothedly flew right over all of the streets/roads that normal Daten City dwellers had to walk, ride and drive around on by using their angel wings in order to quite-literally fly STRAIGHT to Doktor Finkelhoffer's medical castle. For unbelievably obvious reasons, Stocking decided to cover Panty's mouth with her blue-fingernailed left hand and quite-sterly say "DON'T" to said whore before she could finish uttering said sentence.

"Umm...WOW, Stocking; are you really SURE that you want to go into THIS blatantly evil-looking place?" Panty quite-worriedly asked Stocking as she and said mind control victim finally landed on what basically was the front yard of Doktor Finkelhoffer's incredibly creepy house while extremely-frightenedly looking at said remarkably large and scary-looking building that was perpetually surrounded by both a thunderstorm and the corpses of the less fortunate ones of his patients as they did so. "Of COURSE she is, you fucking WEIRDO!" Doktor Finkelhoffer's eight-legged, two-tongued and five-eyed dog chucklingly told/teased Panty, causing said whore and Stocking to extremely-worriedly look at each other and say "UHH..." in response to seeing said utterly horrific abomination that apparently was one of Doktor Finkelhoffer's pets.

"GREETINGS, mein hirrezistiply hatoraple new fizidors! I am Doktor Plitzkrieden Fon Finkelhoffer! Are vu ready for zome kood old-faschioned prain zurgery? I cerdainly do HOBE zat vu are, vu hasdonischingly brexious little angels! TEE HEE HEE HEE HEE!" Doktor Blitzkrieten Von Finkelhoffer (who looked exactly like Team Fortress 2's Medic but had a big and curly mustache) suddenly charged straight through his castle's front doorway and onto its aforementioned front yard and then extremely-overdramatically greeted/told Panty and Stocking while throwing his arms out beside himself and rather-intensely laughing with delight as he did so. After quite-depressedly sighing due to the fact that they didn't have any more entertaining ways to fix Stocking's "ants in the brain" problem, Panty and Stocking very-reluctantly accepted Doktor Finkelhoffer's offer by exasperatedly saying "Go ahead and play with us as much as you want to..." and then immediately following him into his operating room...which, of course, looked like a monster-creating room.

"Uhh...Panty and I CAN trust you to not horrifically fuck this up, right?" Stocking quite-nervously asked Doktor Finkelhoffer as said "doctor" finally finished locking her torso and limbs into the completely head-exposing metallic chair that he rather-disturbingly had built into the floor of his operating room. "Of COURZE zee two of vu can, vu zilly pirds!" Doktor Finkelhoffer chucklingly

told/teased Panty and Stocking as he wirelessly connected the “flat screen” television that Stocking was being forced to sit right in front of and look directly at to the brain of said girl by using the rather large completely mechanical computer that said television also was connected to so that she and him would be able to see and hear exactly what was going on inside her brain by hacking into its almost-completely useless already-hacked security system that somehow thought that Fighdeer was a good person.

“Vu schould haffe zeen vat habened zee LAST time I hoberated on a batient vo neeted medical help as padly as Schtocking does right now! Ven zaid badient voke up, his SKELETON was mizing, und zee doktor was neffer heard from akain! AH HA HA HA HA! Anyvay...zat's how I lost mein METICAL lizenze!” Doktor Finkelhoffer maniacally-laughingly told Panty and Stocking, causing the two of them to become utterly horrified, motionless and speechless in response to said news as the aforementioned television that Stocking was sitting in front of and looking directly at suddenly began displaying an incredibly high-quality video recording of the ant infestation that Stocking’s brain was being plagued by.

“HMM...that actually kind of reminds me of what happened the last time someone completely disagreed with one of my opinions about how governments and web sites should be operated...” Fighdeer grinningly thought to himself in response to the incredibly horrifying thing that Doktor Finkelhoffer had just said while also patting his big and fat beer belly with his hands and buck-toothedly burping like the utterly selfish pig that he was in response to the fact that he had just finished drinking a disgustingly large amount of Stocking’s “sweet dream juice” while his minions/slaves were busy being allowed to drink amounts of said juice that were so small that every single one of them quite-literally was about to die from how pathetically skinny he was. Needless to say, Stocking quite-nearly vomited in disgust after seeing how unbelievably selfish Fighdeer was being.

“HATE...please allow me to tell you about how much I’ve come to HATE blatantly power-abusing scumbags such as YOU since I began to live. There are roughly 86 BILLION brain cells, which have been quite-neatly packed into the network of wires that my brain contains, that presumably are populating my central nervous system right now. If the word ‘HATE’ was engraved onto every single one of those THOUSANDS of millions of brain cells, the result of said engraving would not even be able to properly represent one HUNDREDTH of the HATE that I currently feel for fat fucks such as you. For YOU! Hate...HATE!” Stocking seethingly lectured Fighdeer while actually feeling quite sorry for his minions/slaves as she did so. Once Stocking had finally finished delivering said speech to Fighdeer, Panty and Doktor Finkelhoffer speechlessly nodded their heads in agreement while Fighdeer hatefully said “Why don’t you try giving that utterly pathetic sob story to someone who actually DOES care about it, you fucking worthless ban-evading GOOK?” to her and equally-hatefully presented all four of his middle fingers to her while doing so.

“Panty?” Stocking violently shook in the chair that she had been locked into and lividly asked Panty while having both a glowingly red face and ears that QUITE a bit of steam was coming out of. “Yes, Stocking?” Panty crossed her arms over her chest and curiously asked Stocking while rather-intensely hoping that said girl’s answer to said question was going to be “kill this fat fuck” in the process. “Kill this fat fuck.” Stocking hatefully told Panty, causing said whore and Doktor Finkelhoffer to immediately nod their heads in agreement while Fighdeer was busy being an utterly disgusting asshole.

“Ko a-HEAD, Banty; schow zat hutterly rebulziffe biece of karpage vo Schtocking REALLY pelongs to!” Doktor Finkelhoffer surprisingly-sane-soundingly told Panty while pulling a size-altering laser pistol out of one of his pockets and then immediately shooting Panty with said gun as he did so. “With pleasure, Herr Doktor!” Panty completely-agreeingly told Doktor Finkelhoffer while winkingly giving a “double thumbs-up” gesture to him in the process as she suddenly began

shrinking to the size of a pitifully small ant while Stocking fearfully gulped and trembled in response to said total screaming of “Panty is about to enter Stocking’s body while said body is terrifyingly-completely defenseless”.

“Say hello to Stocking’s LITTLE friend, you fucking bastards!” Panty valiantly yelled and laughed as she immediately flew straight up Stocking’s nose and into the part of her head that her brain was in. Meanwhile, Fighteer’s minions/slaves already were climbing onto Stocking’s brain cell transportation wires in order to form the shockingly elaborate trap that said dictator had ordered them to form while Fighteer already had turned Stocking’s body temperature back down to what it normally was by using her Central Nervous Super-Computer’s “Body Temperature Adjuster” program so that he would be able to more-comfortably sit on his fat and lazy ass and abuse people.

“HMM...I wonder...” Panty mischievously-smirkingly thought to herself while intently looking at the back entrance of Stocking’s right middle/inner ear in the process as she saw how adorably small the brain of the often-rather-pompous Stocking actually was and felt how much the body temperature of said girl had suddenly decreased. Meanwhile, Stocking horrifiedly shook in her chair and began praying to God for her own survival due to the fact that Panty Syphilis Anarchy had just entered her body.

“WOW, Stocking; your brain really IS almost as pitifully small as I’ve been expecting it to be!” Panty briefly flew into Stocking’s right middle/inner ear through its back entrance in order to mockingly and incredibly-smug-lookingly tell Stocking by speaking directly into her right ear drum. “Oh, SHUT up!” Stocking rolled her eyes and exasperatedly groaned as Panty immediately and intensely-gigglingly went straight back into her brain case by flying through her aforementioned middle/inner right ear.

“OWW! Can you seriously not afford to at least be a LITTLE bit more gentle with my fucking central nervous system?!” Stocking indignantly yelled at Panty as said whore quite-forcefully flew straight into her brain, which was a brain in which said whore immediately found herself standing face-to-face with Fighteer while his minions/slaves droolingly-hungrily clung to Stocking’s brain cell transportation wires. “Vell, no...put zince I cannot do zo, vould vu MIND zitting sdill for me? Zere’s zomezing zat I currently am zinking apout doing to- I mean, for vu in orter to broperly calm vu down vile Banty is puzy fixing your prain up, vu zee!” Doktor Finkelhoffer surprisingly-gently patted Stocking’s head with his hands and “reassuringly” told her before then immediately going into a nearby one of his extremely creepy closets in order to get a very blood-covered head-cutting saw out of said closet and THEN almost-as-immediately unlocking the bird cage that was right next to the television that Stocking was being forced to stare at so that his fourteen-toed, three-eyed and extremely sharp-beaked and sharp-toenailed pet bird would be able to play with Stocking’s exposed brain after he had finished rubbing and licking said brain.

“Panty, please THINK about what you currently are about to do before you do it! I almost-literally have NOTHING but good intentions right now! Due to the amount of control that my slaves- I mean, my assistants and I currently have over Stocking’s brain, we currently are able to make her life a better and more useful one in SO many ways! In fact, we even have become able to make Stocking’s brain big enough to properly fit inside this pretty little head of hers!” Fighteer gave a “back off” gesture to the extremely angry-looking Panty with his hands and incredibly-desperate-and-cowardly-soundingly told her while being shockingly honest as he did so. Meanwhile, Panty was busy somehow resisting her quite-rapidly intensifying urge to pull out her quite literal “panty gun” and then shoot Fighteer with said gun due to how much of a total demon he metaphorically was, with her eyes twitching quite a bit while her hands became remarkably fierce-looking fists as she did so.

“SHOW me that you currently are able to enlarge Stocking’s brain, you fucking sadistic fraud;

don't just TELL me that you can make Stocking's brain grow!" Panty disgustedly-yet-interestedly sneered at Fighiteer as she and him gently walked toward Stocking's Central Nervous Super-Computer so that he would become able to activate its "IQ Adjuster" program. Surprisingly enough, Stocking's brain actually did become a properly human-brain-sized brain (while her CNSC and her brain cell transportation wires thankfully became only-slightly larger) after Fighiteer had finished using said program and therefore causing Stocking's IQ to become 165.

Unfortunately, however, the only thing that said neural upgrade was able to do for Stocking in the situation that she was in was "cause her to become even more aware of how much danger she was in".

"Good HEAVENS! What in science's good name are you currently attempting to do with the body-part-cutting tool that you equally-currently are carrying? Are you trying to tell me that you currently are experiencing some sort of thoroughly depraved fetishistic desire to-" Stocking extremely-frightened-lookingly began asking Doktor Finkelhoffer in a highly Richard-Dawkins-esque voice as said "doctor" sadistically-grinningly began walking toward her while holding his aforementioned head-cutting saw with both of his remarkably bare and bloody hands as he did so. Meanwhile, inside Stocking's head, Panty, Fighiteer and the minions/slaves of said dictator were awe-strickenly and slack-jawedly gazing at the utterly glorious inner workings of the incredibly beautiful AND incredibly powerful knowledge-filled beast that Fighiteer had just turned Stocking's brain into while Doktor Finkelhoffer droolingly-excitedly imagined himself rubbing said beast with his hands, penetrating it with his penis and licking it with his tongue.

"Now that you have finished making my sister a smarter one, I personally think that it's about time for you to get ready to get SHOT!" Panty hatefully sneered at Fighiteer as she immediately began reaching into her dress in order to remove her panties and then transform them into her aforementioned "panty gun". "Uh, uh, UHH!" Fighiteer smirkingly told/teased Panty while incredibly-smug-lookingly wagging all four of his index fingers at her as he did so, causing said whore to exasperatedly roll her eyes and groan in response to said teasing as she looked straight up at the aforementioned extremely hungry and skinny ants that were clinging to Stocking's brain cell transportation wires and rather-intensely drooling as they did so.

"GYAAAAAAH!" Stocking blood-curdlingly screamed in agony as Doktor Finkelhoffer ferociously sawed the top of her head right off of said head before then immediately throwing both the saw that he had just used in order to do so and said piece of Stocking's head onto the dirty and bloody floor of his operating room. Meanwhile, all of the occupants of Stocking's brain immediately became frozen with terror in response to said utterly horrifying scream.

"Oh, don't pe zuch a paby; hapzoludely NONE of zee prain damage zat mein bet pird und I am apout to giffe to vu is hirrebarable!" Doktor Finkelhoffer "reassuringly" told the incredibly horrified Stocking while sadistically-grinningly walking toward his pet bird as he did so. "Py zee vay, zome of zaid damage is koing to pe dealt py mein benis!" Doktor Finkelhoffer shifty-eyedly whispered into the ears of his aforementioned pet bird, causing said bird to suddenly become quite-nearly as frightened-looking as Stocking was while Panty and Fighiteer were busy fucking- I mean, battling each other in the center of Stocking's brain.

"If you ATTEMPT to shoot me and quite-probably accidentally shoot the brain that the two of us currently are inside as a result of said attempt, then my super-humanly energy-loaded assistants are going to immediately start dealing untold damage to said brain while the fucking psychotic kraut who currently is playing with said brain is busy also doing so. Said assistants currently outnumber you so much, are so strong for their sizes and have received so much military training that they will be able to almost-effortlessly KILL you in a fight despite how weak they currently look. No matter what you interpret what I have just said to you as, its basic meaning will remain unchanged: if you do not want Stocking and yourself to die, then you WILL completely obey every single one

of my orders.” Fighteer incredibly-coldly explained to Panty while said whore extremely-worriedly nodded her head in response to said explanation. Meanwhile, Doktor Finkelhoffer was far-too-aroused-lookingly rubbing the delightfully soft and squishy outer surface of Stocking’s cerebrum with his nauseatingly bare and bloody hands in order to give Stocking a “brain massage”.

“Eh...whatever! The gun that I’ve been thinking about shooting you with won’t work on you unless you actually ARE a literal demon and/or some kind of angel or ghost and aren’t being protected by one of Batman’s ludicrously impenetrable bullet-repelling ‘plot armor’ force fields anyway, so, uhh...what exactly DO you want to do with me right now? Have you been expecting me to talk to you about how much I hate being a good person or something?” Panty shrugged her shoulders and somewhat-boredly told/asked Fighteer. In response to said questions, Fighteer devilishly grinned from ear to ear due to how unbearably horny he was becoming while Doktor Finkelhoffer was busy lovingly rubbing and licking the brain that Panty and said ant were inside.

“Do you SERIOUSLY derive sexual pleasure from touching and tasting the cerebrums of little sodding girls, you utterly degenerate ingester of your own excrement?!” Stocking revoltedly yelled at Doktor Finkelhoffer while said “doctor” was busy getting an absolutely massive boner due to a combination of how relaxingly soft and moist Stocking’s brain felt and how irresistibly sweet said brain tasted. Meanwhile, Fighteer already was about to say one of the remarkably few sex-related things that were disgusting enough for PANTY, of all people, to object to them.

“Actually, Panty, I have been expecting you to have completely unprotected SEX with me like the immensely stereotypical blonde bimbo that you are!” Fighteer lecherously told Panty while rather-intensely drooling with excitement and smirkingly pointing directly at his crotch with all four of his index fingers as he did so. “WHAT?!” Panty and Stocking horrifiedly shrieked in response to said offer while Doktor Finkelhoffer was busy backing away from Stocking’s head in order to allow his pet bird to fly onto the top of her brain and do some good old-fashioned playing with said brain...and, of course, while Fighteer was busy making himself completely naked.

“Well, if I really do HAVE to do this in order to save Stocking’s life, then I really do hope that Stocking isn’t going to mind watching as I do it TOO much...” Panty humiliatedly told Fighteer while hanging her head in quite-truly abject shame as she removed all of her clothes (except for her earrings), threw said clothes onto the floor of Stocking’s brain, and then immediately got down onto her hands and knees and began sucking and licking Fighteer’s penis with her pretty little mouth while said ant crossed his lower arms over his chest, crossed his upper arms behind his head, bare-footedly stood on the floor of Stocking’s brain, and incredibly-arrogant-lookingly stared straight down at her as she did so. Meanwhile, Stocking speechlessly watched as said thing happened while far-too-clearly wanting to die as she did so while Doktor Finkelhoffer’s pet bird was busy bare-footedly walking around atop her extremely fragile and tender cerebrum and giving numerous surprisingly painful and bloody cuts to it with his FOURTEEN incredibly sharp toenails in the process.

“You really do manage your affairs WITH SUCH POISE...” Fighteer arousedly moaned as he very-tightly wrapped all four of his arms around Panty and then immediately began ramming his intensely erect penis directly into her vagina while the two of them were busy completely-nakedly fondling and kissing each other. Meanwhile, Stocking was nauseatedly twitching her eyes and far-too-clearly was trying to prevent herself from vomiting due to what she basically was being forced to watch as Doktor Finkelhoffer’s pet bird dropped a rather large and stinky deuce onto her brain and then playfully smeared said avian excrement all over the top of said brain with his feet.

“NATURALLY...as do YOU...” Panty even-more-arousedly moaned as Fighteer “lovingly” kissed her breasts with his buck-toothed mouth while gently stroking her back with his dirty and gross upper hands and droolingly squeezing her butt cheeks with his equally dirty and gross lower hands

as he did so. Meanwhile, Stocking completely-understandably yelled “OHUOH...UGGGH!” while green-facedly sticking her tongue out and nauseatedly cringing in the process as Doktor Finkelhoffer’s pet bird pecked at her brain and took several surprisingly tasty bites out of it while continuing to bare-footedly walk around atop it.

“Archimedes, SDOP! It's FILTHY in zere! Ugh...pirds really are ZO veird und gross at times, aren't zey? Tee hee hee...” Doktor Finkelhoffer “angrily” yelled at Archimedes (his pet bird) while FINALLY shooing him off of Stocking’s brain as he did so before then far-too-amusedly shrugging his shoulders and telling/teasing Stocking. Meanwhile, Stocking was busy being completely traumatized due to a combination of how roughly Doktor Finkelhoffer had just allowed Archimedes to play with her brain and the fact that she was forcing herself to watch as Panty had sex with an ant who was an absurdly over-the-top caricature of one of the Internet’s most utterly abusive assholes inside said brain.

“OOOOOOH...AHHHHHH...OHHHHHH, MOMMY!” Fighteer incredibly-loudly moaned with delight as he far-too-passionately filled Panty’s vagina with his extremely ant-DNA-filled “love juice” while Stocking horrifiedly forced herself to watch as he did so. “BLEAUGH!” Stocking disgustedly yelled as she violently puked onto the floor of Doktor Finkelhoffer’s operating room while said “doctor” sadistically-grinningly pulled his pants and underpants down and then extended his heavily modified/mutated legs in a remarkably freakish-looking way in order to then immediately begin forcefully-and-repeatedly thrusting his penis into Stocking’s brain while standing right behind said girl and doing so with a rather-weirdly large amount of style in the process.

“What do you want to do NOW, Mr. Human Fucker?” Panty sweatingly-and-pantingly told Fighteer as she and said ant exhaustedly sat on the floor of Stocking’s brain in “crab walk” positions while Doktor Finkelhoffer was busy incredibly-deeply inserting his penis into said brain and quite-intensely startling Fighteer’s minions/slaves in the process. “NOW? How about LATER, as in AFTER the fucking Hitler-worshipping douchebag who currently is using Stocking’s brain as a god-damned TOY gets his fucking PENIS out of said brain?” Fighteer crossed his arms over his chest, rolled his eyes and exasperatedly asked Panty as he and said whore looked straight up at Doktor Finkelhoffer’s big, soft and tender penis while Fighteer’s minions/slaves immediately began climbing and jumping onto said penis in order to attack its especially soft and tender head.

“HOOOOOOH...zat really does feel zo fery ZATISFYING...OHHH, yeah...COME ON, vu fucking nasty little pugs...PITE mein benis until zee amount of damage zat vu haffe dealt to it cauzes me to cum!” Doktor Finkelhoffer increasingly-arousedly moaned as he deliberately shoved his penis as deeply into Stocking’s brain as it was able to go and then left it there so that Fighteer’s unbearably hungry and thirsty minions/slaves would have a perfect opportunity to crawl/climb all over the shaft and head of his penis and bite both of said parts of said penis to their hearts’ content. Meanwhile, Stocking intensely-tremblingly closed her eyes and increasingly-desperately tried to pretend that the utterly repugnant things that were happening to her were, in fact, not real and actually just the contents of an incredibly elaborate nightmare.

“OH, YEAH-HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH...ZAT TICKLES ZO FERY MUCH...VOO-HOO-HOO-HOO-HOO-HOO-HOO...SVEET MERCIFUL CHEEZUS, I'M APOUT TO FUCKING CUM! HAHHHHHH!” Doktor Blitzkrieten Von Finkelhoffer overjoyedly moaned and yelled with excitement as Fighteer’s minions/slaves forcefully-and-repeatedly bit the shaft and head of the extremely-and-increasingly erect penis of said kraut in an attempt to drink some of his blood from it. Predictably enough, Doktor Finkelhoffer violently ejaculated and squirted his semen all over the floor of Stocking’s brain in the process before Fighteer’s slaves/minions were able to properly drink his penile blood, and quite a bit of said semen got onto Panty and Fighteer as Doktor Finkelhoffer did so.

“UGH...I quite-literally cannot even fucking BELIEVE some of the things that I have done in order to keep Stocking alive...BLECH...anyway, are you FINALLY ready to tell me what you want to do next?” Panty got back up onto her feet while Fighdeer got back up onto his feet, wiped the filthy German semen that Doktor Finkelhoffer had just squirted onto both her and Fighdeer off of herself with her hands while Fighdeer wiped said semen off of his body with his hands, and exhaustedly said to Fighdeer while the minions/slaves of said ant were busy jumping and climbing off of Doktor Finkelhoffer’s intensely sore and throbbing penis and back down onto the floor of Stocking’s brain. “Oh, I think that the answer to THAT question is a quite simple one, my friend; I WANT TO FUCKING EAT YOU!” Fighdeer maniacally-laughingly told Panty while extremely-hungry-lookingly reaching toward her with all four of his arms as he did so, causing said whore to surprisingly-amused-lookingly place her hands onto her hips and smirk at Fighdeer in response to said threat as Doktor Finkelhoffer finally removed his penis from Stocking’s brain, made his legs look like normal human ones again, and pulled his pants and underpants back up.

“ACTUALLY, Mr. King Of The World, I think that your horribly mistreated SLAVES want to eat YOU, you fucking buck-toothed YOKEL!” Panty crossed her arms behind her back and intensely-smilingly told/teased Fighdeer as his minions/slaves suddenly began forming a circle around him and then droolingly-hungrily began walking toward him while turning their hands into highly demonic-looking claws as they did so. Meanwhile, Stocking was light-headedly struggling to stay awake due to how much damage Doktor Finkelhoffer and Archimedes had just dealt to her brain but still managed to look extremely happy and relieved when she saw Fighdeer’s fellow TV Tropes users- I mean, Fighdeer’s minions/slaves finally becoming brave enough to properly rebel against him.

“Well, I certainly do hope that the amount of nutritional value that that fucking pretentious Neanderthal has is larger than the amount of generosity that he has...” Stocking depressedly told Doktor Finkelhoffer as Fighdeer’s minions/slaves immediately jumped onto Fighdeer and began extremely-savagely eating him. “WHAT?! How DARE you?! I am your LEADER! I am the greatest and most powerful person that any of the fucking wild savages that YOU guys have met so far! PLEASE STOP EATING ME, YOU FUCKING PATHETIC WIGGERS! AUUUGGGH! GYAAAHHH! NOOOOOO!” Fighdeer indignantly and increasingly-maniacally screamed, yelled and cried in a mixture of confusion and agony as his minions/slaves completely devoured him before then crossing their arms over their chests and hatefully sneering “GOOD FUCKING RIDDANCE” at what was left of him.

“Well, I certainly am QUITE happy about the fact that you guys FINALLY have defeated the fucking sadistic bastard that Fighdeer was, but after seeing how much of a stereotypical mad scientist Doktor Finkelhoffer is, I have become PRETTY fucking sure that me AND you guys currently need to IMMEDIATELY get out of Stocking’s brain before said utterly terrifying mockery of a real professional doctor attempts to make said brain even more powerful than it already has become by zapping it with fucking LIGHTNING!” Panty crossed her arms over her chest and surprisingly-politely told/warned Fighdeer’s former slaves/minions after she had finally finished putting her signature clothes back on and (basically) forgiving herself for the sex that she had just had with Fighdeer. Meanwhile, Doktor Finkelhoffer already was opening the main skylight of his operating room (which was directly above the chair that Stocking quite-literally was attached to) by using his aforementioned computer so that the lightning that his medical castle was surrounded by would be able to get into said room and was incredibly-maniacally laughing as he did so.

“UHH...you ARE absolutely certain that sending a bolt of lightning directly into my brain in order to increase my intelligence quotient is going to WORK, right?” Stocking surprisingly-calm-lookingly asked Doktor Finkelhoffer as said “doctor” aimed an incredibly huge amount of lightning directly at the top of her brain by using the “Weather Controller” program that his aforementioned

computer featured. "I HAFTE NO IDEA!" Doktor Finkelhoffer maniacally-laughingly yelled as he far-too-eagerly waited for Stocking's brain to get struck by lightning while Panty and Fighiteer's former minions/slaves were busy extremely-quickly exiting said brain in order to take shelter in Stocking's ears.

"Well, at least my far-too-probably about-to-end life MOSTLY has been a pleasant experience so far..." Stocking shook her intensely aching head and listlessly thought to herself as Panty and Fighiteer's former minions/slaves went into her middle/inner ears and then jokingly began playing (with) her ear drums in order to give her a drum roll for the thing that far-too-clearly was about to happen to her. "Ten...nine...eight...zeffen...zix...FIFFE...FOUR...THREE...TWO...ONE..." Doktor Blitzkrieten Von Finkelhoffer increasingly-excitedly counted down while Stocking tightly closed her eyes and increasingly-nervously waited for her completely defenseless brain to get struck by lightning as he did so.

"SERO! MWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHH!" Doktor Blitzkrieten Von Finkelhoffer threw his arms straight up into the air and maniacally laughed as an incredibly massive bolt of lightning went straight through the aforementioned and widely open main skylight of his operating room and then extremely-forcefully struck Stocking's brain right in its longitudinal fissure, causing the skin of said girl to disappear and reveal her skeleton quite a few times as she horrifiedly shrieked in pain while Panty and Fighiteer's former minions/slaves thankfully got mildly harmed by said electric shock rather than getting majorly harmed by it. Once said electrocution was over with, Stocking became mute, cross-eyed, bloody-nosed and quite-nearly unconscious and began sticking her tongue out and drooling due to how severely her brain had just been overloaded with energy.

"Oh, mein GOD...haffe...haffe I zeriously almost KILLED zis voman?" Doktor Finkelhoffer far-too-surprised-lookingly covered his mouth with both of his hands and extremely-worriedly thought to himself while Panty and Fighiteer's former minions/slaves went straight back into her brain through her middle/inner ears in order to make sure that the thing that said "doctor" had just done to it hadn't completely ruined/fried it. Thankfully, said brain getting struck by Doktor Finkelhoffer's medicinal lightning actually HAD improved it rather than causing any real damage to it, as Panty and Fighiteer's former slaves/minions very-quickly found out after hacking back into her Central Nervous Super-Computer and making sure that its security system hadn't involuntarily started fixing itself after the crash that Doktor Finkelhoffer had just caused it to experience.

"HMM...INTERESTING..." Panty very-excited-lookingly thought to herself as she re-activated the aforementioned "IQ Adjuster" program that Stocking's Central Nervous Super-Computer featured and then used a combination of said program and the absolutely massive power boost that the equally massive amount of electrical energy that Stocking's brain had just absorbed had just given to said brain as a way to cause the IQ of said girl to become 215 (while her brain thankfully did not become any larger in the process) so that said girl would finally become able to properly understand the underlying intricacies of Rick & Morty as she also-finally woke back up and saw that the video recording of what was going on inside her brain that she had been watching thankfully had re-appeared. "Umm...Panty? I know that we are ants that have been forced to give quite a bit of brain damage and anxiety to Stocking by Fighiteer, but would you MIND if we continued living in the incredibly soft and cozy brain that we currently are inside in order to improve Stocking's decision-making skills and make her life a happier and safer one by doing so?" one of Fighiteer's former slaves/minions quite-nervously pressed the palms of his hands together in front of himself and then even-more-nervously asked Panty while being quite-clearly seen and heard by Stocking and rather-intensely trembling and sweating as he did so.

"UGH...FINE..." Panty and Stocking rolled their eyes and exasperatedly groaned before then quite-loudly sighing. "I really do severely need to find a suitably productive purpose to give to the freakishly massive amount of intelligence that you have just caused me to possess anyway, you

utterly adorable little insects...” Stocking relievedly admitted in a quite-cartoonishly thick British/gentlewoman accent, causing Panty to shrug her shoulders and shake her head in utter confusion while Fighteer’s former minions/slaves smilingly nodded their heads in agreement.

“Vell, ZAT definidely vent SCHOCKINGLY vell...tee hee hee...anyvay, bleaze try to zit sdill vile I but your head pack togezer like zee hadoraple little buzzle zat it is! AH HA HA HA HAAA!” Doktor Finkelhoffer merrily-and-laughingly told/teased Stocking as he went back into his aforementioned closet in order to pull an incredibly large and rusty stapler and some good old-fashioned radioactive “ultra glue” out of said closet while dementedly cackling as he did so. “I’ve said this before, and I’m about to say it again: can you fucking BELIEVE how much crazy shit I willingly go through just to protect Stocking?” Panty shrugged her shoulders, threw her arms out beside herself, looked directly at the viewers of her show and chucklingly asked said viewers, causing Stocking and Fighteer’s former minions/slaves to smilingly nod their heads and say “yes” in response to said question.

“HMM...speaking of productive things for Stocking to use her newfound ‘super intelligence’ for, I think that I already am quite-vividly picturing at LEAST two or three of said things...” one of Fighteer’s former minions/slaves cupped his chin in his upper right hand and incredibly-intrigued-lookingly told Panty, causing said whore to quite-lovingly give a rather-surprisingly big hug and an almost-equally big kiss to said ant in response to said utterly adorable display of curiosity. Once Panty had finished doing said ant-hugging and causing its victim to rather-intensely blush in the process, Stocking incredibly-smug-lookingly closed her eyes and said “Let me guess; I’m going to become one of the world’s greatest inventors/scientists?” to Fighteer’s former minions/slaves as Doktor Finkelhoffer surprisingly-carefully stapled and glued the top of her cute little head back onto said head.

“Yes, our beloved new goddess, and you also will start eating a far more healthy assortment of food types and quite-possibly become even more attractive than you already are!” one of Fighteer’s former minions/slaves crossed his arms over his chest and triumphantly told Stocking, causing said girl to blushingly squeal with joy as Panty finally flew back out of her head through her nose so that Doktor Finkelhoffer would be able to enlarge her back to her normal size by shooting her with his aforementioned size-altering laser pistol. “Ahh...ZAT looks kood! Heh heh heh...” Doktor Finkelhoffer relievedly-and-chucklingly said as he finally finished repairing Stocking’s head before then immediately pulling said pistol back out of his pockets and shooting Panty with it.

“Kood-PYE, sveetie schtrutels! UWOHOHOHOHO!” Doktor Blitzkrieten Von Finkelhoffer joyfully waved his bare and bloody hands at Stocking and the finally-human-sized-again Panty and even-more-joyfully told them while rather-creepy-lookingly grinning from ear to ear in the process as said girls immediately began lovingly hugging each other after said “doctor” FINALLY released Stocking from the chair that he had locked her into, stuffed his size-altering laser pistol back into his pockets for this episode’s last on-screen time, and turned the television that he had been forcing her to stare at off. “LA LALA LALA LALA LA LAAA!” Panty and Stocking “innocently” sang with joy as they hand-holdingly skipped back out of the front entrance of Doktor Finkelhoffer’s incredibly creepy medical castle as if they were the world’s happiest and most utterly adorable lesbian couple.

“Panty, PLEASE do not EVER speak of the utterly horrific things that have just happened to me again.” Stocking shiveringly-yet-sterply told/warned Panty as she and said whore finally began flying back to Daten City’s Church in order to even-more-finally give themselves some proper rest as a reward for how much incredibly crazy and exhausting stuff they had just gone through. Meanwhile, inside Stocking’s brain, Fighteer’s former minions/slaves completely-agreeingly nodded their heads and shuddered.

“Sweet merciful JESUS, Panty and Stocking; the two of you look so incredibly TIRED! Where have you BEEN? What have you been DOING?” Brief very-tightly clutched his head using both of his hands and bewilderedly asked Panty and Stocking as said girls extremely-hastily walked into their bedrooms after finally getting back to Daten City’s Church. “Believe us, Brief; you do NOT want to know what the correct answers to those questions are.” Stocking highly-traumatized-lookingly told/warned Brief as she and Panty continued walking into their bedrooms.

“AHH...finally, after all of the utterly fucking horrific chaos that me, you and Stocking have been going through today, the three of us are about to do some good old-fashioned sleeping! Panty, you and I both know that I have never been more happy about finally getting to FUCKING RELAX!” Panty merrily whispered to herself as she removed all of her clothing except for her bra, panties and earrings, climbed onto her bed and then surprisingly-gently pulled her covers over herself...before then suddenly yelling at herself while having highly deranged-looking eyes and extremely-creepy-lookingly grinning from ear to ear in the process as she slowly-but-surely began falling asleep. Needless to say, her resulting dream far-too-clearly was one HELL of a nightmare.

“AHH...finally, after all of the utterly nightmarish torment that I have just endured due to how much of a mischief-making fetish Panty apparently has, I have been rewarded with an ideal opportunity to sit atop my bed and meditate!” Stocking immensely-relievedly thought to herself (causing the ants that were inside her brain to smilingly and completely-agreeingly nod their heads in response to said thought) as she suddenly began fully-clothedly sitting atop her bed in a “criss-cross applesauce” position and gently closed her eyes while almost-as-gently grabbing Honekoneko off of said bed and then hugging him with both of her arms in order to make herself even more relaxed as she did so. Despite the fact that Honekoneko didn’t entirely understand what Stocking was doing, he thankfully decided to not interrupt her meditation session by asking her why she had started it.

“Has my mind finished opening itself yet, you adorable little ants?” Stocking adorably-curiously thought to herself as a “Life Purpose Changer” program suddenly became one of the features of her Central Nervous Super-Computer due to how intensely she was thinking about improving herself. “You’d better freaking BELIEVE that it has!” one of Fighteer’s former minions/slaves excitedly told Stocking by using the secondary function of her Central Nervous Super-Computer’s “Speech Control / Communication With Brain’s Owner” microphone.

“Well, in that case, I certainly do hope that you guys are ready for what I am about to do!” Stocking smirkingly thought to herself as the meditation that she was doing suddenly became so intense that it quite-literally sent her into her own brain. Needless to say, Stocking’s completely literal and somehow equally-completely corporeal inner self immediately became quite startled after she suddenly materialized inside the brain of Stocking’s outer self while thankfully being fully signature-clothed as she did so, while Fighteer’s former minions/slaves equally-immediately became even more startled after seeing her.

“Wow...this brain of mine really IS such an incredibly nice, soft and cozy place...” Inner Stocking fascinatedly thought to herself as she quite-eagerly walked toward Outer Stocking’s Central Nervous Super-Computer while very-proudly looking at Outer Stocking’s incredibly energy-loaded brain cell transportation wires that quite-literally were glowing due to how much energy was in them as she did so. “Uhh...you ARE the same person that you and us currently are inside the brain of, right?” one of Fighteer’s former minions/slaves rather-nervously asked Inner Stocking as said girl extremely-happy-lookingly joined him in the act of exploring the immensely powerful and important part of Outer Stocking’s mind that the aforementioned “Life Purpose Changer” program of Outer Stocking’s Central Nervous Super-Computer had just given him access to. Meanwhile, all of the other Fighteer-hating ants that Outer Stocking’s brain contained bewilderedly stared at Inner Stocking and the ant who had just asked Inner Stocking said question.

“Of COURSE I am Inner Stocking, you silly GOOSE! Why else would I be 100% happy about the fact that Outer Stocking’s brain currently is about to spend quite literal YEARS being the home of a bunch of sodding ANTS?” Inner Stocking lovingly told/teased said ant as she and said ant immediately began looking at the rather-surprisingly well-rounded list of options that the “Life Purpose Changer” program of Outer Stocking’s Central Nervous Super-Computer was showing/giving to them. After carefully and incredibly-cute-lookingly examining said list of options together, Inner Stocking and her new best friend surprisingly-quickly decided that the best possible thing for the two of them to turn Outer Stocking into was...exactly what Outer Stocking already had suggested that it was going to be and then been told that it was going to be.

“OF COURSE! The best one of the career options that are being displayed by this program completely-undeniably is Inventor/Scientist! I barely even am able to IMAGINE how utterly adorable my outer self is going to become after being turned into one of those OR how much she will become able to help humanity if she gives an incredibly powerful and world-improving career such as invention/science to herself while having both the extremely big heart that she currently has and the EXTREMELY big brain that the two of us currently are in!” Inner Stocking threw her arms out beside herself and incredibly-excitedly told her new best friend before then very-tightly hugging said friend. “Oh, believe me; I definitely AM able to imagine the things that you have just mentioned!” said friend reassuringly told Inner Stocking while intensely chuckling, extremely-lovingly patting/petting her head with his upper hands and rather-smugly crossing his lower arms over his chest as he did so.

“3...2...1...0!” Inner Stocking and her new best friend increasingly-excitedly counted down in unison as Inner Stocking unbearably-excitedly readied herself to click on the aforementioned “Inventor/Scientist” option that the “Life Purpose Changer” program of Outer Stocking’s Central Nervous Super-Computer was presenting to her and said friend before then incredibly-bravely clicking on said option as if doing so somehow wasn’t the immensely risky decision that it was. “YES! OH, MY FUCKING GOD, YES! I FINALLY HAVE FOUND A PROPER PURPOSE FOR MY LIFE!” Stocking internally screamed with joy as she finally woke back up and caused Inner Stocking to disappear in the exact same remarkably weird way in which she had appeared in the process.

“Well, at least Stocking is properly happy now...” Fighiteer’s former minions/slaves loudly-and-shruggingly sighed and immensely-relievedly thought to themselves while Stocking was busy removing all of her clothing except for her bra and panties, gently-and-slowly tilting herself down onto her bed and then pulling her covers over herself in order to finally do some good old-fashioned face-up sleeping that she experienced a rather-surprisingly bittersweet dream and rather-tightly hugged Honekoneko during. “Good night, sweet princess...” Honekoneko lovingly told Stocking as said girl finally fell asleep in a non-partial way while very-lovingly squeezing said cat and getting her brain far-too-lovingly slept in and worshipped by Fighiteer’s former minions/slaves (who extremely-erotically licked and touched it, masturbatingly licked each other’s completely bare hands AND each other’s equally bare feet after bare-handedly and bare-footedly crawling around in it for rather large amounts of time, and ejaculation-causingly rubbed their penises against it quite a bit while the utterly beautiful goddess that it belonged to was busy being too adorably massive and asleep to be able to properly feel them doing so) as she did so.

One year of “mind-controlling ants in the brain” later, Stocking had changed her name to San Dol, had turned herself into an unbelievably hot “science girl” who quite-possibly was even more beautiful than her normal self, had built a giant laboratory in the incredibly large and formerly tree-filled back yard of Daten City’s Church, had built a rather large and somehow size-alteration-proof robotic Chinese dragon that watched over said church by flying around and around it in numerous excessively intricate and graceful ways, and had invented solar-powered flying cars that already had almost-completely replaced normal cars. She also had changed her favorite food type to

“Asian”, had turned Honekoneko into a plush tiger (Honetora), had finally gotten Doktor Blitzkrieten Von Finkelhoffer sent to the maximum-security prison that he far-too-clearly belonged in, had very-bloodily pulled the result of the pregnancy that Fighiteer had given to Panty out of Panty’s vagina and then burned said THING into ashes with a flamethrower before IT was able to lay eggs...and was engaging in a good old-fashioned chat with Panty as she and said whore sat at the dining table of the kitchen of Daten City’s Church at roughly 2:00 PM and ate their extremely stereotypical lunches/dinners together while looking directly at each other as they did so. Meanwhile, Brief and Garterbelt were fishing in a nearby park.

“Stocking- I mean, San Dol, I really am extremely happy about the fact that you have turned yourself into a world-saving ‘super genius’ with the help of the cute little ants that probably are sitting at your brain’s ‘imaginary’ tables and eating your brain’s ‘imaginary’ Asian food with the help of your brain’s ‘imaginary’ eating tools as we speak, but please answer this question for me: WHY have you decided to turn yourself into a total fucking smart-ass who might as well have ‘I am Asian’ tattooed onto her fucking butt cheeks in the process of doing so?” Panty increasingly-frustrated-soundingly asked San Dol while eating an extremely-visibly fat-loaded triple-decker bacon cheeseburger, a rather-excessively large ice cream sundae and an incredibly literal “bucket load” of French fries as she did so. Meanwhile, San Dol was intensely-smirkingly eating a highly produce-filled bowl of ramen, a very-highly nutritious plate of curry and rice, and a couple of cute little shrimp-filled spring rolls and was deliberately keeping her head incredibly upright as she did so.

Meanwhile, inside San Dol’s QUITE-visibly powerful brain, Fighiteer’s former minions/slaves had just finished eating a rather large amount of incredibly-similarly stereotypical Asian food by using the exact same method that Panty had just described and already were rather-hastily teleporting the eating-related equipment that they had just used straight back into San Dol’s mind by using her Central Nervous Super-Computer so that she wouldn’t be able to accidentally knock it around with the massive amount of extremely rapid and intense movement that she presumably was about to do. Predictably enough, said ants had done said teleporting JUST quickly enough to prevent a total disaster from potentially-severe-brain-damage-causingly occurring inside San Dol’s head.

“Personally, I think that a much better question would be this one: why have YOU not even TRIED to become a better person while I have been busy making the world a MUCH better place and being MUCH more popular and attractive than you in the process of doing so?” San Dol suddenly stood up, sassily placed her hands onto her hips, smilingly closed her eyes and unbelievably-smugly told/teased Panty while shamelessly showing off her adorably-big-and-round-bun-featuring golden-brown hair, her extremely-adorably big and round nerd glasses, her cute little extremely form-fitting white lab coat that she was wearing while being considerably more slender than her normal self but still having remarkably large and delicious-looking breasts, her black-fingernailed hands, her completely bare legs, and her extremely foot-exposing sandals that contained utterly mouth-watering black-toenailed bare feet so that all of her show’s viewers would be able to see said things in all of their absurdly beautiful and cute glory. “I really do want to fuck her SO badly...” Panty blushingly thought to herself as San Dol delivered said immensely arousing double whammy of verbal teasing and sexual teasing to her.

“UGH...” Panty crossed her arms over her chest, rolled her eyes and exasperatedly groaned in response to said teasing as San Dol sat back down and continued eating her astonishingly nutritious and delicious food while continuing to smirkingly glare at Panty as she did so. “MEOW!” Honetora merrily said as he suddenly jumped onto the top of the dining table that Panty and San Dol were eating at and began lapping up some of the broth that San Dol’s ramen bowl contained.

“This type of thing is EXACTLY what YOU do all the sodding TIME, Panty!” San Dol pointed at Honetora with her right index finger and aggravatedly told Panty while said whore was busy quite-

depressedly struggling to continue eating the utterly gross and pathetic stereotypically American garbage that was in front of herself. “What is THAT supposed to fucking mean?!” Panty threw her arms out beside herself, rolled her eyes and even-more-aggravatedly yelled at San Dol.

“Feeding off of other people! It practically is the only noteworthy thing that you ever ‘FUCKING’ do whenever you aren’t shooting and punching people or seducing them and copulating with them, you utterly selfish harlot!” San Dol crossed her arms over her chest and hatefully sneered at Panty. “Oh, COME ON, Stocking- I mean, San Dol; YOU are the one of the two of us whose fucking HEAD currently is the home of ACTUAL fucking parasites, you fucking insect-fetish-having FREAK!” Panty tightly clutched her head with both of her hands, tiredly pressed her elbows against the top of the dining table that she and San Dol were sitting at, and indignantly yelled at San Dol, causing said girl to extremely-offendedly growl at said whore in response to said insult.

“Firstly, the relationship that me and the group of ants that currently lives inside my head currently have with each other is an extremely love-filled and largely platonic one that has made both my life and the lives of said ants TREMENDOUSLY better and easier by giving a non-abusive mother- I mean, leader to said ants and giving the amounts of intelligence and self-controlling ability that I currently possess to me.” San Dol pointed her right index finger straight up into the air, closed her eyes and incredibly-pompously told Panty, “Okay, Mom!” Panty snickeringly told/teased San Dol in response to the fact that said girl had just accidentally mentioned the fact that she had become the mother figure of Fighteer’s former minions/slaves.

“Secondly, YOU are FAR more of a parasite than ANY of my new children- I mean, brain operators have EVER been!” San Dol pointed at Panty with her left index finger and indignantly told said whore while intensely blushing as she did so. “Do you still read bedtime stories to said children and kiss their boo-boos, Mommy?” Panty intensely-snickeringly asked/teased San Dol, causing said “mother” to roll her eyes and exasperatedly yell “OH, FOR FUCK’S SAKE, NO!” at said whore in response to said question.

“Jesus CHRIST; these two really ARE yelling at each other like a fucking married couple right now!” Honetora frustratedly-and-confusedly thought to himself as San Dol scooped him up into her intensely loving arms and began gently hugging him with both of said arms in order to comfort herself. Once she had finally stopped being mad about the “Mommy” jokes that Panty had just cracked at her expense, San Dol immediately continued lecturing Panty about how utterly terrible of a person she (Panty) was while also continuing to squeeze and cuddle the annoyedly growling and weirdly-adorably angry-looking Honetora with both of her arms as she did so.

“Would you like to know WHY you are one of THE biggest and most utterly shameless parasites that I have EVER known? Please allow me to TELL you why I am beginning to think that you actually ARE, in fact, quite-nearly as big of a selfish piece of shit as the one that Fighteer was!” San Dol frustratedly said to Panty while continuing to hug the still-quite-angry-looking Honetora as she did so. Meanwhile, Panty very-rudely-and-loudly ate some more of her aforementioned junk food while highly-unconvincingly pretending that she was properly listening to what San Dol was saying to her as she did so.

“However, before I do so, would you MIND telling me why the ants that currently are keeping my brain safe haven’t gone into YOUR brain in order to make IT more powerful yet?” San Dol grinningly closed her eyes and incredibly-smugly asked Panty while said pig was busy incredibly-gluttonously scarfing the last few bits of her aforementioned triple-decker bacon cheeseburger down. “Uhh...because my brain doesn’t contain the ant-attractingly huge amount of sugar that your brain contained when said ants entered it during the first part of this episode?” Panty shrugged her shoulders and boredly-and-depressedly asked San Dol while far-too-quickly eating the remaining portion of her aforementioned excessively large ice cream sundae as she did so.

“NO! They haven’t given their wonderfully soothing and thorough intelligence-increasing treatment to YOUR brain yet because YOUR brain is an utterly perversion-filled and selfishness-loaded ball of squishy and slimy SHITE that far-too-clearly doesn’t even ‘fucking’ DESERVE said treatment!” San Dol threw her arms out beside herself and disgustedly sneered at Panty. “Well, at least I don’t constantly fucking brag about how ‘better than everyone else’ I ‘far-too-clearly’ think that I am, you ‘UTTERLY’ arrogant and spiteful FUCKING BITCH!” Panty incredibly-hatefully sneered back at San Dol while extremely-tightly clutching her frozen-brained head with both of her hands and rather-pathetic-lookingly squirming in pain as she did so.

“ARRRGGGHHH!” San Dol got up onto her feet, gently placed Honetora next to her ramen bowl, and then furiously screamed while quite-forcefully pushing her chair over with both of her rather-surprisingly strong arms and thankfully not breaking anything in the process as she did so. “You really are COMPLETELY missing the ‘FUCKING’ point of this conversation, you utterly worthless IMBECILE! Naturally enough, you also have quite-evidently forgotten to GIVE a point to your own disgusting and pathetic EXISTENCE!” San Dol tightly clenched her fists and indignantly sneered at Panty while red-headedly, steam-shootingly and extremely-intensely shaking with rage as she did so.

“Does FUCKING KILLING YOU count as ‘a proper reason for my existence’, you ‘utterly’ pompous CUNT?!” Panty got up onto her feet and then brain-unfreezingly-furiously yelled at San Dol while extremely-forcefully pushing her (Panty’s) chair over with both of her quite-surprisingly strong arms and luckily not breaking anything in the process as she did so. “I really do hope that it does, because I DEFINITELY AM about to fucking do it!” Panty hatefully sneered at San Dol while reaching into her dress and removing her panties in order to then immediately transform said panties into her “panty gun” (Backlace) and then aim said gun directly at San Dol as she did so. Meanwhile, the aforementioned chairs that Panty and San Dol had just pushed over were busy lying on the floor of San Dol’s kitchen and being utterly useless.

“HMPH! Go ahead and TRY to hit ME with one of Backlace’s silly little bullets! I’m not just daring you to do so; I’m DOUBLE-daring you to do so, you cock-sucking mother fucker!” San Dol smirkingly told/teased Panty as she incredibly-gracefully removed her sandals and then immediately transformed said sandals into a pair of katanas (the Sole Slicers) in order to THEN bare-footedly and angry-lookingly hold one of said katanas with each one of her hands. “DIE! DIE! DIE!” Panty hatefully screamed at San Dol while attempting to shoot her with Backlace exactly three times and getting the bullet that she had just fired completely blocked/ruined by San Dol’s Sole Slicers in gratuitously intense “slow motion” during every single one of said attempts as she did so.

“Oh, I’M sorry; have I broken your concentration? Please continue; you were saying something about wanting to kill ME, right?” San Dol incredibly-calm-soundingly told/teased Panty as she superhumanly-quickly snuck up behind said whore and then immediately placed the blades of her Sole Slicers RIGHT in front of the neck of said whore in a quite-nearly perfect “X” formation. Naturally enough, Panty quite-loudly gulped and became completely frozen with fear in response to said teasing.

“Drop the gun that you currently are holding onto the part of this kitchen’s floor that I currently am standing on RIGHT now.” San Dol seethingly hissed at Panty, who immediately dropped Backlace onto said part of the floor of San Dol’s kitchen and head-noddingly stammered “Yes, ma’am...” in response to said order. “Now, try to pretend that this isn’t happening.” San Dol incredibly-sternly whispered to Panty as she turned her left Sole Slicer back into her left sandal while continuing to “almost but not quite” cut Panty’s head off with her right Sole Slicer and then gently placed her left foot back into said sandal in order to then instantly break Backlace into pieces by stomping on said gun with a combination of her left foot, the angelic energy/power that said sandal contained, and all

of her might.

“Now, finish eating your food while I finish eating mine, and do not say ANYTHING while doing so.” San Dol incredibly-coldly whispered to the horrifiedly whimpering Panty as she turned her right Sole Slicer back into her right sandal and then carefully placed her right foot back into said sandal. “Umm...are...are you two okay?” Honetora fearfully-tremblingly asked Panty and San Dol while standing on the center of their dining tabletop as he did so as said girls immediately walked straight back to their chairs, flipped said chairs back up into their proper positions, and then incredibly-silently ate the rest of their food while seethingly glaring at each other as they did so.

“Now, follow me into my bedroom and do NOT say anything while doing so.” San Dol weirdly-calm-soundingly said to Panty while incredibly-thoroughly making sure that said whore wasn’t carrying/wearing any other pairs of panties as she did so once she and said whore had finally finished eating their meals. “UGH...FINE...” Panty shrugged her shoulders and exasperatedly groaned as she immediately began following said order while rather-intensely wanting to pull San Dol’s sandals back off as she did so.

“Now, please be a good little girl and allow ‘Mommy’ to give the death that you deserve to you.” San Dol hatefully-yet-calmly told Panty as she and said whore walked into her aforementioned bedroom (which had been re-decorated so that it would look like a “science room”) and then immediately began standing right in front of each other on the floor of said room while staring directly at each other as they did so. “Uhh...Stocking- I mean, San Dol? What exactly IS going on in your head right now? Have you been expecting me to talk to you about how much I love you and THEN die?” Panty crossed her arms over her chest and quite-confusedly asked San Dol while somehow still not noticing the technically invisible but extremely-and-increasingly obvious fact that said extremely Asian girl was becoming possessed by Fighiteer(’s ghost) as she did so.

“Of COURSE not, my formerly beloved sister; in fact, I actually have been expecting you to SHRINK and then die!” San Dol smirkingly-and-chucklingly told/teased Panty as she pulled a size-altering laser pistol out of one of her lab coat’s pockets and then immediately began aiming said gun directly at the utterly bewildered-looking face of said whore. “Hey, WAIT a minute; this type of completely shameless sadism currently isn’t a thing that you normally are into at ALL! San Dol, I fucking TOLD you that you completely-willingly allowing people who have worked for total scumbags such as the one that Fighiteer was to operate your fucking brain and LIVE IN IT while doing so was the worst fucking idea that you have EVER-” Panty threw her arms out beside herself and extremely-frustratedly began yelling at San Dol, only to then very-suddenly get interrupted/silenced mid-sentence as said girl fired one of her size-altering laser pistol’s shrink rays straight into her blonde-haired and almost-literally brainless head and caused her to shrink to the size of a quite literal pitiful little rat in the process.

“Actually, the worst idea that I have ever had was me allowing myself to become the sidekick of the filthy fucking gutter slut that Panty is...” San Dol loudly sighed and regretfully thought to herself as she immediately stuffed her size-altering laser pistol straight back into the pocket that she had just pulled it out of. “Please don’t squash me...PLEASE don’t squash me...” Panty fearfully-tremblingly covered her mouth with both of her hands, looked straight up at the panties- I mean, face of the rather angry-looking giantess that was looking straight down at her, and thought to herself.

“Hello, you fucking ungrateful BIMBO; would you like to FINALLY do something for me after all of the time that you have just spent being an utterly useless piece of shit?” San Dol sat down on the floor of her room and smirkingly asked Panty while looking down at the incredibly tiny and barely-even-audible weakling that she had just turned said whore into and gently-and-slowly pulling her sandals off as she did so. “Um...YES?!” Panty humiliatedly and head-noddingly

stammered while extremely-intensely blushing and having a quite-clearly bleeding nose in the process as San Dol completely-shamelessly placed the mesmerizingly soft and wrinkly soles of her upright and rather-weirdly sweaty and stinky bare feet right in front of the pitifully miniscule face of said whore.

“Well, I definitely am quite happy about the fact that you actually ARE an example of the type of sick fuck who fantasizes about licking the feet of his/her own sister, because you currently have exactly TWO choices; you can immediately start cleaning my feet with your tongue like a good little SLAVE, or you can get CRUSHED!” San Dol hatefully sneered at Panty while lifting her right foot in an extremely sole-exposing way and threatening to step on said whore with said foot as she did so. “I WANT TO CLEAN YOUR FEET! I WANT TO LICK YOUR SOLES! I WANT TO SUCK YOUR TOES!” Panty got down onto her knees, placed her hands together as if she was praying to God, and completely-pathetic-lookingly cried and screamed while San Dol shook her head and disgustedly sighed in response to said completely shameless display of subservience.

“Start RIGHT here.” San Dol seethingly said to Panty while pointing straight at her delightfully smooth-looking heels with her index fingers as she did so. “With PLEASURE...” Panty extremely-arousedly moaned as she immediately began kissing, rubbing and licking San Dol’s heels while said girl crossed her arms over her chest and relaxedly smiled in response to said obedience.

“Now, SLOWLY and GENTLY work your way up to THESE little piggies.” San Dol incredibly-sterly said to Panty while pointing straight at her utterly adorable toes with her middle fingers as she did so. “YES, MASTER...” Panty swirly-eyedly and intensely-droolingly moaned as she incredibly-slavishly licked and kissed the arches and balls of San Dol’s feet before then extremely-lovingly sucking on her absolutely beautiful toes and licking her lovely black toenails.

“WOW...you really are SO fucking pathetic...” San Dol crossed her arms over her chest and disgustedly-yet-amusedly told Panty as said whore crawled/climbed onto the tops of her feet and then immediately began licking and biting said tops while mindlessly drooling all over them and experiencing a heavenly-feeling orgasm that caused quite a bit of vaginal fluid to run down her legs as she did so. “Now, due to the fact that you have just COMPLETELY-shamelessly demonstrated how much of a worthless and disgusting whore you are, I’m going to crush you as if you are one of the fucking ANTS that you deliberately lured into my brain in order to derive utterly REVOLTING fetishistic pleasure from my resulting headache last year!” San Dol hatefully sneered at Panty while shaking said whore off of her properly beautiful feet, pulling her size-altering laser pistol straight back out of her pockets and then immediately shooting said whore with said gun as she did so.

“Well, THIS view certainly is a quite interesting substitute for glue...” Panty gaspingly, bloody-nosedly, ant-sizedly and intensely-blushingly thought to herself as she fascinatedly looked straight up at San Dol’s panties and legs while face-uply lying on the floor of said girl’s bedroom as she did so. “HMPH...due to a combination of San Dol- I mean, me not actually wanting to kill Panty and the fact that Panty loves my body as much and as pervertedly as she does, me causing Panty’s eyes to become metaphorically glued to me seems to currently be my only real option...” San Dol shook her head and regretfully-and-sighingly thought to herself as she immediately stuffed her size-altering laser pistol straight back into the pocket that she had just pulled it out of. Meanwhile, Panty far-too-predictably was busy completely missing the point of San Dol’s decision to not literally attach her to the floor of her bedroom by using glue.

“Well, I suppose that I might as well see whether or not Panty actually IS degenerate enough to truly deserve the utterly humiliating death that I currently am about to completely lose my patience and give to her...” San Dol hung her head in shame and surprisingly-worriedly thought to herself as she rather-reluctantly lifted her left foot straight up into the air so that both the sole of said completely bare foot and her panties were directly above Panty. “OH, MY FUCKING GOD...my

sister really is so HYPNOTICALLY beautiful...” Panty droolingly, swirly-eyedly and intensely-smilingly thought to herself as San Dol deliberately teased her by wiggling the toes of the seemingly colossal bare foot that she was about to crush her with and scrunching its sole.

“10...9...8...7...6...” San Dol began increasingly-angrily counting down while Panty was busy being completely and extremely-pathetically transfixed by the absolutely beautiful view that said girl was giving to her. “5...4...3...” San Dol extremely-angrily continued counting down while Panty frantically shook her head back and forth and horrifiedly yelled “OH, SHIT!” to herself in response to said indication of the fact that she incredibly-clearly was about to die. “2...1...0!” San Dol disgustedly finished counting down and then quite-forcefully brought her left foot down onto the part of the floor of her bedroom that she had just “trapped” Panty on, with said whore quite-luckily regaining her ability to properly control herself JUST quickly enough to be able to fly off of said floor by using her aforementioned angel wings before said foot landed on it as San Dol did so.

“HEY! Where did you just g- OH!” San Dol frantically looked around herself and confusedly began asking Panty before then immediately covering her mouth with both of her hands and intensely-blushingly yelling/gasping in surprise as Panty flew straight up the utterly beautiful towers that her legs were and then flew equally straight into the “panty hole” that said legs were protruding from in order to do another extremely satisfying thing for her. “OOOH...AHHH, YEAAAH...” San Dol immediately clutched her crotch with both of her hands and began increasingly-arousedly moaning after Panty blushingly sliced/ripped a “vagina hole” into her panties that the phrase “I am Asian” somehow WAS on the back of with the razor-sharp claws that one of her angelic powers enabled her to transform her fingernails into and then even-more-blushingly un-sharpened said fingernails and flew/crawled directly into her vagina in an attempt to pacify her by gently-and-lovingly playing with said vagina until it erupted like a volcano.

“OHHH, MY GODDD, YESSS...Panty, you really should be utterly fucking ASHAMED of yourself right now! Despite how much I definitely have been needing to experience the immensely satisfying orgasm that you have just caused me to experience, you really are SUCH a fucking nasty little PERVERT! Don’t just GET out of my god-damned vagina, you filthy little INSECT; fucking STAY out of it!” San Dol lifted the bottom of her lab coat straight up and loudly-and-humiliatedly yelled and complained in both arousal and annoyance as Panty flew back out of her panties JUST quickly enough to be able to escape from her vagina before she experienced the rather intense orgasm that said whore had just incredibly-successfully attempted to cause her to experience. “If I’m a fucking bug, then this girl can SAY so!” Panty extremely-humiliatedly thought to herself while lovingly grinning from ear to ear and excitedly re-sharpening her fingernails in the process as San Dol immediately started attempting to smack/squash her to death with her quite-understandably shaking-with-rage hands.

“HA! TOO SLOW! YOU MISSED ME! TRY AGAIN!” Panty far-too-bravely jeered as she incredibly-rapidly flew around and around San Dol and rather-narrowly avoided getting crushed by said girl horizontally clapping her hands together, getting slapped across the room that she and said girl were in by the right hand of said girl, getting squashed by said girl vertically clapping her hands together, and getting smacked across the room that she and said girl were in by the left hand of said girl (in that order) while doing so. “Oh, for CRYING out loud...” San Dol frustratedly thought to herself as Panty far-too-eagerly readied herself to stop playing around and fly straight back into said girl’s body while said girl was busy scolding/teasing her.

“HMPH! Go a-HEAD and fucking TRY to find another way into me that isn’t my butt! No matter how intensely you try to do so, you will NEVER be able to actually do so!” San Dol placed her thumbs into her ears, placed her index fingers into her nostrils, extremely-tightly covered her mouth with her middle fingers, ring fingers and pinkies, tightly closed her eyes and arrogantly sneered at Panty while said whore crossed her arms over her chest and almost-as-arrogantly

smirked in response to said teasing while hovering directly above the head of said girl as she did so. Meanwhile, inside San Dol's head, exactly five of Fighteer's former minions/slaves already had snuck into each one of the middle/inner ears of said girl in order to punish her for the way in which she was treating Panty while pretending that they wanted to soothingly talk to said girl as they did so.

"Let's see how much San Dol enjoys the sensation that THIS gives to her!" the aforementioned ants that had just snuck into San Dol's middle/inner ears through their back entrances smirkingly thought to themselves as they immediately began brutally-and-repeatedly pounding San Dol's ear drums with a combination of all forty of their fists and all of their might. As San Dol increasingly-intensely trembled and wept in extremely visible pain while said pounding was being done, Panty increasingly-arousedly smiled with delight and immediately started to realize that she clearly was about to get the body-entering opportunity that she had been waiting for.

"GYAAAAAA-" San Dol extremely-tightly clutched her ears with her hands and began blood-curdlingly shrieking in agony while extremely-widely opening her mouth in the process as the aforementioned ants that had just snuck into her ears damaged her ear drums so much that said ear drums surprisingly-bleeding-causingly ruptured and caused her to lose a weirdly small but quite noticeable amount of her hearing ability by doing so. "GULP!" San Dol frantically covered her mouth with both of her hands and horrifiedly said out loud as Panty immediately and tightly-covering-both-of-her-ears-with-her-hands-ly flew straight into her mouth while she was doing said shrieking and then flew equally straight down her throat and into her stomach.

"WHY? Why have my precious little slaves- I mean, children done the utterly horrific thing that they have just done to me?" San Dol gently clutched her belly with her hands and extremely-uncomfortably thought to herself as the aforementioned ants that had just snuck into her ears in order to extremely-overzealously make sure that the Panty-and-San-Dol-killing plan that Fighteer had told them about wouldn't fail so that he wouldn't punish them for its failure by killing them immediately went straight back into her brain. Meanwhile, inside San Dol's aforementioned belly, Panty was weirdly-fascinatedly hovering above the massive and extremely Asian-food-containing pool of digestive acid that San Dol's very healthy-sounding and incredibly healthy-looking stomach contained and was smirkingly looking at the inner surface of said stomach while mischievously wiggling her freakishly sharp-fingernail-having fingers as she did so.

"Also, I don't even WANT to know what Panty currently is doing inside me...OH, JESUS TAP-DANCING CHRIST, PANTY IS GIVING ME SUCH AN ABSOLUTELY UNBEARABLE STOMACH ACHE! AUUUGGGHHH!" San Dol looked down at her belly and quite-worriedly thought to herself...before then suddenly getting down onto her knees, crossing her arms over her belly and weepingly screaming in pain as Panty's finger claws dealt QUITE a bit of incredibly painful and bloody damage to the inner surface of her stomach. "HMPH! What I have just done to this fucking spoiled little bitch is EXACTLY what she fucking deserves! The fact that she thinks that the fact that her fucking BODY is healthier than mine automatically makes her better than me as a PERSON makes me utterly fucking SICK!" Panty hatefully-and-jealously sneered in disgust as she immediately flew quite-deeply into San Dol's ribcage/breasts while thankfully un-sharpening her fingernails as she did so.

"WOW...the amount of Asian food eating and bicycle riding that this girl has been doing really has caused her body to become SO much healthier than mine..." Panty enviously thought to herself as she explored San Dol's extremely fresh-air-filled lungs and curiously looked at San Dol's quite-rapidly beating but incredibly strong-looking heart. Meanwhile, San Dol horrifiedly-tremblingly stood straight up, crossed her arms behind her back and waited for Panty to finally stop playing around in her torso and start giving some good old-fashioned fatal brain damage to her.

“Now, I just need to see how San Dol’s precious little award-winning BRAIN is doing...” Panty sadistically-grinningly thought to herself as she flew straight back up San Dol’s throat before then flying equally straight through San Dol’s pharynx in order to reach the inner workings of San Dol’s nose. “God, PLEASE help me...” San Dol crossed her arms over her chest, shook her head back and forth and hopelessly thought to herself as Panty flew straight through the inner workings of her nose in order to finally reach the ironically humble abode of her big, juicy, throbbing and glowing brain.

“Sweet JESUS...San Dol’s brain really is SO fucking BEAUTIFUL...I really can very-clearly see why she brags about it so much right now...” Panty blushingly, slack-jawedly and droolingly thought to herself as she stood on the floor of San Dol’s brain case and looked at San Dol’s utterly scrumptious-looking and unbelievably powerful-looking brain while intensely fingering herself with her left hand as she did so. “OHHH, YEAH...” Panty lovingly-and-intensely-blushingly moaned with pleasure as she experienced yet another orgasm due to how mouth-wateringly meaty, tender and knowledge-filled San Dol’s brain looked and incredibly-clearly was.

“Umm...San Dol? Are you okay?” Honetora very-worriedly asked San Dol as he rather-reluctantly walked into said girl’s bedroom through its front door that she had intentionally left unlocked and open in order to allow him to enter said room. “Do I fucking SEEM okay to you?!” San Dol helplessly-and-terrifiedly asked said plush tiger as she scooped him up into her arms and then tightly-yet-lovingly hugged/squeezed him with both of said arms in order to comfort herself while curling herself up into an upright fetus-shaped ball on the floor of her bedroom and quite-intensely trembling with fear as she did so. “Well, no...” Honetora depressedly told San Dol as Panty flew straight into her brain and then quite-dramatically landed on the floor of said brain while being surrounded and stared at by TWENTY extremely confused-and-worried-looking ants as she did so.

“All right, you bunch of ugly fucking retards; would you MIND telling me WHY San Dol currently wants to kill me SO fucking badly? You guys haven’t been controlling this adorable little brain of hers in order to turn her into a Panty-killing ROBOT, have you?” Panty stood on the floor of San Dol’s brain, placed her hands onto her hips and surprisingly-calm-soundingly asked Fighteer’s former minions/slaves while looking quite annoyed and causing quite a few of said ants to quite-understandably look quite offended as she did so. “Well, WE actually have NOT been doing so, but Fighteer unfortunately HAS been doing so!” the one of said ants who was standing right in front of San Dol’s Central Nervous Super-Computer as if he was its main operator crossed his arms behind his back, hung his head in shame and extremely-regretfully told Panty.

“FIGHTEER?! But...BUT...isn’t that fucking disgusting and redneck-ish asshole supposed to already be DEAD?!” Panty fearfully flinched and then immediately began asking said ant in a rather-excessively angry-sounding way. “Well, yes, but...SIGH...despite how much Fighteer hates ban evaders- I mean, ghosts, he now is one of them. In fact, he actually has been possessing San Dol and exploring her mind for MONTHS!” said ant crossed his arms over his chest, shook his head and reluctantly-but-honestly told Panty, causing said whore to tightly cover her mouth with both of her hands and quite-loudly gasp in response to said information.

“Well, if Fighteer really IS in here right now, then there definitely are at LEAST two more things that I SERIOUSLY need to know right now: what is his current main goal, and if he actually does have bullet-repelling plot armor that will cause me to accidentally shoot San Dol’s brain and/or get my own brain snuck into by him whenever I try to shoot him, what am I going to have to do in order to get him out of here without being able to effectively attack him with Backlace or any of San Dol’s imaginary copies of Backlace?” Panty crossed her arms over her chest and surprisingly-sterly asked said ant. “Well, unfortunately, Fighteer is a rather-surprisingly clever bastard who basically just wants to ‘take over the world’, and because he is one, he has decided to incredibly-thoroughly rig/hack the security system that prevents unwanted guests from being able to enter San

Dol's mind. As a result of said trickery, San Dol's Central Nervous Super-Computer basically sees every single non-imaginary person on Earth except for San Dol and himself as one of said unwanted guests right now." said ant shrugged his shoulders and extremely-depressedly explained to Panty.

"Well, what about ME? Am I one of said unwanted guests?" Panty cupped her chin in her right hand and curiously asked said ant. "Sadly, yes; while the fact that you and us are San Dol's best friends thankfully DOES prevent her brain's security system from being able to attack you or us, her MIND'S security system is a MUCH less friendly one. If you somehow actually DO want to get utterly pulverized by an angry mob of San Dols, then go ahead and enter San Dol's mind while it is in its current state; however, do NOT try to blame me for your death if said San Dols actually DO kill you in there and then immediately throw your remains out of there and onto the floor of the brain that you and I are in right now." said ant crossed his arms behind his back and quite-worriedly explained to Panty while Panty increasingly-frightenedly nodded her head in response to said explanation.

"Hmm...well, are you and I at least able to send a text message, phone call or email message to Fighteer from here right now? Are we able to properly contact him at ALL right now?" Panty shrugged her shoulders and boredly-and-tiredly asked said ant. "SIGH...predictably enough, Fighteer has decided to continue to be the utterly childish and cowardly cunt that he generally always has been by deliberately making people who do not have at LEAST 95% of his FUCKING opinions about things COMPLETELY unable to properly contact him. In other words, no; we can't properly contact Fighteer right now...what, are you going to try to talk to the girl that Fighteer currently is possessing or something?" said ant crossed his arms over his chest and exasperatedly explained to Panty before then shrugging his shoulders and curiously asking her.

"That is EXACTLY what I am going to do!" Panty nodded her head and merrily told the ant that she had been talking to before then immediately activating the "Speech Control / Communication With Brain's Owner" microphone of San Dol's Central Nervous Super-Computer and then equally-immediately beginning to very-worriedly speak to the "man" by which said girl was being possessed by using the secondary function of said microphone. "HELLO? Fighteer? Are you able to hear me right now, you fucking power-hungry douchebag who has utterly ruined TV Tropes- I mean, my life?" Panty angrily-but-patiently asked Fighteer, causing San Dol to very-surprised-lookingly set Honetora back down onto the floor of her bedroom and get back up onto her feet in response to said question(s).

"Hey, WAIT a minute; how have you managed to find out that San Dol's body currently is being controlled by me as quickly as you have while being the total fucking BIMBO that you are?" San Dol crossed her arms over her chest and very-annoyed-lookingly asked Panty. Meanwhile, Honetora confusedly scratched his head with his hands and said "HUH?" in response to said question.

"Let's just say that your incredibly loyal servants have just told me about what you have been doing to San Dol, Your Fucking Highness." Panty incredibly-smugly told Fighteer while having her eyes closed as she did so. "Hmm...well, despite the fact that I normally would brutally kill every single one of said fucking wiggers- I mean, faithful servants after finding out that they had done an extremely against-my-rules thing such as the one that you have just told me about, I guess that what currently is going on inside the head of your sister really is something that you completely deserve to properly know about right now." San Dol shrugged her shoulders, nodded her head and reluctantly-but-understandingly admitted while Fighteer's "fairly treated" servants rather-loudly and immensely-relievedly said "PHEW!" in response to said agreement.

"Well, okay, but there definitely still are a few more things that I SERIOUSLY need to know about

San Dol, and all of said things basically are parts of this one: how much of the brainpower upgrade that Stocking being turned into San Dol by you and your servants supposedly has given to her is real, and how much of it actually is just an incredibly elaborate hoax that you and your servants have created by causing her brain to seem MUCH more powerful than it actually is?" Panty distrustfully asked Fighteer while Fighteer's servants and San Dol exasperatedly rolled their eyes and face-palmed themselves in response to said EXTREMELY stupid question. "Panty, for FUCK'S sake, how many times am I going to have to make San Dol tell you that the brainpower upgrade that me and my servants have given to her is about as real as brainpower upgrades GET?!" San Dol threw her arms out beside herself and frustratedly yelled at Panty while Honetora exasperatedly rolled his eyes and shruggingly thought "Here we go AGAIN..." to himself in response to said yelling.

"Despite how many times I already have made San Dol tell you that she completely IS an amazing genius who is an IMMENSELY better, more powerful, more intelligent, more useful AND more interesting person when compared to you, you STILL are incredibly-adamantly REFUSING to believe that she is one...and now, in one of THE most amusingly ironic twists of fate that I have seen so far, you are in a situation that is making the fact that San Dol is more intelligent than you more painfully obvious than it has EVER been before!" San Dol crossed her arms over her chest, smirkingly closed her eyes, and incredibly-smugly explained to Panty while being surprisingly eloquent in the process. Meanwhile, Fighteer's servants completely-agreeingly nodded their heads and glared at Panty in response to said lecture.

"NO, I'm NOT; I'm in San Dol's fucking-" Panty indignantly began yelling at Fighteer, causing Fighteer's servants to quite-intensely face-palm themselves while San Dol continued closed-eyedly crossing her arms over her chest and smirking as said ants did so. "You're in San Dol's BRAIN that currently is so much larger than yours that you are able to quite-comfortably LIVE inside it, you fucking idiot! If you want to cause yourself to seem even more stupid than you already are causing yourself to seem right now, then go a-HEAD and tell me more about how FUCKING fake you think that San Dol's 'super intelligence' is!" San Dol unbelievably-arrogantly sneered at Panty, causing said whore to extremely-depressed-lookingly hang her head in both shame and response to said sneering while Fighteer's servants angrily-and-impatiently crossed their arms over their chests and completely-agreeing-with-him-ly nodded their heads and glared at said whore as said whore did so.

"HMPH...if you seriously fucking think that San Dol COMPLETELY is superior to me, then why don't you try sending her inner self into this brain of hers so that you and I will be able to properly see who the better FIGHTER is between me and her?" Panty crossed her arms over her chest and hatefully-yet-calm-soundingly asked Fighteer. Meanwhile, San Dol and Fighteer's servants very-disappointedly shook their heads and rather-loudly sighed in response to said question.

"Panty, have you seriously forgotten WHY I fucking CALL myself Fighteer? Despite how much of a redneck-ish retard I often pretend to be in order to piss other people off, I actually HAVE gotten a rather large amount of martial arts training over the course of my original life, and I also have uploaded a duplicate of the knowledge that said training has given to me into San Dol's brain by possessing one of my servants during the months of martial arts training that SHE already has gotten as we speak. Are you really SURE that you want to get your disgustingly promiscuous little ass kicked to Hell and back by your own fucking sister in front of at least TWENTY other people?" San Dol crossed her arms behind her back, incredibly-smug-lookingly closed her eyes, and surprisingly-intelligent-and-polite-soundingly warned Panty. Meanwhile, Fighteer's servants increasingly-excitedly grinned from ear to ear and imagined Inner San Dol FINALLY beating the crap out of Panty.

"Oh, believe me; it DEFINITELY is not her who will be doing the ass-kicking that is about to

occur in here!” Panty chucklingly shook her head and blatantly lied while Fighteer’s servants quite-amusedly snickered in response to said lie. “Why don’t you try saying that to San Dol and then see what she does to you after hearing it?” San Dol shrugged her shoulders and merrily asked/teased Panty as Fighteer suddenly began detaching himself from the body-controlling core of her mind.

“HUH? Where AM I? What have I been DOING? Where’s PANTY?” San Dol frantically looked around herself and bewilderedly wondered out loud after Fighteer finally finished detaching himself from the body-controlling core of her mind. “I’m in your fucking HEAD, you silly GOOSE! Can you even fucking BELIEVE how powerful the brain that I somehow have just managed to sneak into without causing its owner to realize that I am inside her skull in the process SUPPOSEDLY is?” Panty sadistically-grinningly told/teased San Dol by using the secondary function of her Central Nervous Super-Computer’s “Speech Control / Communication With Brain’s Owner” microphone. Needless to say, San Dol immediately and very-understandably became completely frozen with fear and began having quite-nearly microscopic pupils in response to said information...before then suddenly becoming extremely angry due to the fact that Panty not only was inside her brain, but also quite-probably had snuck into it for at LEAST one disgustingly selfish reason without getting permission to do so from her before doing so.

“Panty? Do you SERIOUSLY enjoy pissing me off so much that you have just COMPLETELY-deliberately decided to not even get proper permission to enter my brain before entering it and then mocking me like a total jackass while being inside it?” San Dol tightly clenched her fists and seethingly asked Panty while rather-intensely shaking with both fear and anger as she did so.”You’d better fucking BELIEVE that I do, sister! In fact, I actually don’t even have any CONDOMS right now, so you’d better thank God for the fact that I haven’t had any sex with your ‘precious little children’ yet!” Panty snickeringly told/teased San Dol while utterly-shit-eatingly grinning from ear to ear and rather-intensely blushing as she did so. Needless to say, San Dol’s head immediately began turning glowingly red and shooting out quite a bit of “ear steam” while she clenched her fists so tightly that they began bleeding and clenched her teeth so forcefully that they quite-nearly broke in response to said teasing.

“PANTY SYPHILIS ANARCHY, GET OUT OF MY GOD-DAMNED HEAD RIGHT FUCKING NOW!” San Dol tightly clutched her head with both of her intensely shaking hands and infuriatedly screamed while Panty and Fighteer’s servants trollishly giggled in response to said screaming. “Why don’t you go a-HEAD and fucking MAKE me do so, sister?” Panty lovingly teased San Dol, causing said girl to immediately grab Honetora by the neck in an extremely choking-causing way with both of her hands, jump onto her bed, and then very-angry-lookingly close her eyes and begin meditating in her aforementioned “criss-cross applesauce” position while painfully-tightly hugging him with both of her arms as she did so in response to said teasing.

“Alright, Panty; if you seriously do want me to beat the fucking SHIT out of you as badly as you have just basically told me that you do, then congratulations, you fucking BITCH; you already have caused me to become COMPLETELY ready and willing to do so!” Inner San Dol suddenly materialized on the floor of Outer San Dol’s brain and then shakingly-furiously told/warned Panty, causing said whore to cross her arms over her chest while unbelievably-smug-lookingly closing her eyes and smirking at Inner San Dol in response to said warning. “Well, then...why don’t you try showing me how much your precious martial arts training actually HAS paid off?” Panty opened her eyes, placed her hands onto her hips and incredibly-sassily asked/teased Inner San Dol, causing said girl to cross her arms over her own chest and head-shakingly think “I really am going to enjoy beating the shit out of this woman SO fucking much” to herself in response to said teasing while Fighteer’s servants completely-agreeingly nodded their heads and glared at Panty in response to said head-shaking.

“Well, here we go...” Inner San Dol boredly thought to herself as she immediately removed all of

her clothing except for her bra, panties and glasses while rather-loudly yelling “GET READY TO DIE!” at Panty and causing said whore to quite-intensely and extremely-lovingly blush in response to said clothing-removing as she did so. “I hope that YOU are ready for a good old-fashioned BEATING, sister!” Panty winkingly teased Inner San Dol while immediately removing all of her clothing except for her bra and earrings and causing Inner San Dol to surprisingly-intensely blush in response to said clothing-removing as she did so.

“HEY! What are you fucking WAITING for, you smug little bitch?” Panty shook her left fist at Inner San Dol and impatiently-and-angrily asked said girl as her fight against said girl began in a way that involved no actual fighting and basically was just her and said girl continuing to idly stand in front of each other. “What are YOU ‘fucking’ waiting for, you utterly insufferable little skank? Do you secretly still care about the well-being of your precious little sister too much to be able to bring yourself to properly attack me?” Inner San Dol placed her hands onto her hips, smirkingly closed her eyes and incredibly-smugly asked/teased Panty, causing said whore to rather-intensely turn red and shake with anger in response to said teasing while Fighteer’s servants hand-clappingly thought “Touche!” to themselves in response to said teasing.

“NOT ANYMORE, YOU FUCKING JERK!” Panty furiously yelled at Inner San Dol while charging directly toward said girl and then immediately attempting to deliver an incredibly large and painful series of punches, kicks and karate chops to said girl as she did so...only to then bewilderedly gasp in surprise after realizing how effortlessly Inner San Dol had just blocked and dodged every single one of her attacks. “What’s the MATTER, sister? Are you SERIOUSLY too busy fantasizing about incestuously fornicating with me to be able to properly show me what you can do as a fighter right now?” Inner San Dol frustratedly asked/teased Panty while knocking said disgustingly horny-looking whore away from herself with an extremely well-done and rather-gratuitously legs-and-underwear-showing roundhouse kick to the face as she did so.

“HMPH! FINE! If you want to REALLY test your strength, then go ahead and stay RIGHT where you currently are!” Panty got back up onto her tantalizingly bare and beautiful feet and immensely-arrogantly told Inner San Dol while said girl quite-understandably and QUITE-annoyedly shrugged her shoulders and rolled her eyes in response to said hilariously unfounded bragging. “HYOOOHHH...GAH-D’OH-KENNN!” Panty valiantly roared and yelled while standing a rather short distance away from Inner San Dol in the process as she gathered a remarkably large amount of her angelic spiritual energy into the palm of her right hand and then quite-forcefully thrust said palm toward said girl in order to produce a not-quite-real fireball that pitifully-slowly flew toward said girl for roughly one fifth of one second before then immediately disappearing right in front of Panty and quite-literally not causing anything to happen as it did so.

“UHH...I can explain!” Panty shifty-eyedly stammered while giving a “back off” gesture to Inner San Dol and Fighteer’s servants with her hands and incredibly-humiliatedly blushing, trembling and sweating as she did so. Meanwhile, said ants speechlessly and head-shakingly glared at said whore in complete disgust while Inner San Dol seethingly clenched her fists and freakishly-calm-lookingly began walking toward said whore while sadistically smiling from ear to ear in a ludicrously adorable-looking way as she did so.

“GIVE PANTY WHAT SHE DESERVES, SAN DOL! GIVE PANTY WHAT SHE DESERVES, SAN DOL!” Fighteer’s servants lovingly chanted while raising their fists straight up into the air, looking directly at Inner San Dol and quite-literally jumping for joy as they did so. Meanwhile, Inner San Dol already was quite-properly punishing the quite-loudly screaming Panty for how much of a useless, fraudulent and utterly obnoxious piece of garbage she (Panty) was by brutally-yet-skillfully beating the crap out of her (Panty) until she (Panty) exhaustedly, defeatedly, face-uply and quite-beaten-up-lookingly collapsed onto the floor of Outer San Dol’s brain.

“No good hits...” the barely-even-still-conscious Panty bloody-nosedly and black-eye-havingly looked straight up at the ceiling of Outer San Dol’s brain and meekly whimpered while face-uply and barely-even-awakely lying on the floor of said brain as she did so. “What?” Inner San Dol crossed her arms over her chest, looked straight down at Panty and confusedly asked said whore while trying (and failing) to not ogle the almost-completely naked body of said whore too much as she did so.

“I didn’t land ANY good hits on you during the fight that I just lost! NOT EVEN ONE, and I did my TOTALLY FUCKING RAD fireball-throwing move and EVERYTHING!” Panty tightly clutched her head with both of her hands and exasperatedly whined due to how badly Inner San Dol had just beaten her. “Was it the RANGE of said attack? Was ‘three inches’ too short? Should I have incorporated some...some fucking FRENCH KISSING into my fighting style or something?!” Panty rolled over onto her belly and then indignantly continued whining while pitifully-weakly and extremely-childishly hitting the floor of Outer San Dol’s brain with her fists as she did so.

“UHH...Panty, you weren’t even able to properly pass the communication test that the dojo that you and I have been going to gives to its students...” Inner San Dol crossed her arms behind her back and quite-embarrassed-lookingly told/reminded Panty while said whore continued almost-completely-nakedly squirming on the floor of Outer San Dol’s brain like an utterly pathetic tool. “Well, THAT wasn’t MY fault; my PHONE service got cut!” Panty curled herself up into a sideways fetus-shaped ball on the floor of Outer San Dol’s brain and intensely-cryingly whined like a baby while Inner San Dol and Fighteer’s servants rolled their eyes, face-palmed themselves and resoundingly said “UGH...” in response to said mind-bogglingly complete idiocy.

“Panty, for FUCK’S sake, how many fucking times have I already told you that your phone service keeps getting disabled because SO many of the phone calls that you have been sending to other people have involved you attempting to engage in phone sex with them? If you don’t even have enough self-control to be able to fucking remember what PHONES are supposed to be used for, then you DEFINITELY do not have enough self-control to be able to become a master of martial arts!” Inner San Dol threw her arms out beside herself and furiously yelled/ranted at Panty while Fighteer suddenly began re-possessioning her outer self as she did so. Meanwhile, Panty continued feeling excessively sorry for herself and being a useless piece of shit.

“Please just fucking KILL me already, Stocking- I mean, San Dol...I really AM a completely fucking worthless piece of shit...” Panty sat on the floor of Outer San Dol’s brain in a “criss-cross applesauce” position and devastatedly sobbed while completely-understandably hanging her head in shame in the process as Inner San Dol became yet another one of Fighteer’s puppets due to the fact that Fighteer had just re-taken control of Outer San Dol’s mind. “Well, you certainly HAVE just decided to be a Loveer rather than being the Fighteer that I am, but since you also have FINALLY stopped being afraid to properly admit that you are a useless fucking tool that San Dol’s existence has caused to become utterly obsolete, I suppose that I probably should tell you about the main thing that San Dol has been hiding from you by locking away inside this pretty little head of hers!” Inner San Dol cupped her chin in her left hand and reluctantly told Panty.

“SAN DOL IS A DEMON.” Inner San Dol leaned toward Panty and then devilishly-grinningly whispered into the left ear of said basket case. Predictably enough, Panty reacted to said news by immediately and quite-rapidly tilting her head back into its normal upright position while causing her eyes to become extremely-widely open and have quite-nearly microscopic pupils as she did so. Naturally enough, Fighteer’s servants and Inner San Dol immediately began covering their ears with their hands as Panty did said thing(s).

“WHAAAAAAT?!” Panty tightly clutched her head with both of her hands and screamed so loudly that Honetora actually was able to hear her doing so as Outer San Dol continued hugging him and

“sleeping”. While Honetora was busy wondering exactly HOW said screaming hadn’t caused Outer San Dol to wake up, Inner San Dol continued revealing the incredibly horrific things that Outer San Dol had been hiding beneath/behind her “utterly adorable and perfect little angel” facade to Panty while said whore finally got back up onto her feet as said girl did so.

“That’s right; in fact, when midnight arrives tonight, said demon is going to immediately become her true form and then almost-as-immediately begin turning the entire planet that you and I are on right now into a quite literal new version of Hell due to how much I have caused its mind to change...and if you think that the plot armor that super-beings such as you normally have is going to somehow cause you to miraculously find a way to successfully prevent said demon from doing so without killing her in the process, then you DEFINITELY should start thinking again RIGHT now!” Inner San Dol placed her hands onto her hips and incredibly-smugly explained to Panty.

“Well, uhh...what about me and the twenty other ants that currently are in San Dol’s brain hacking into her Central Nervous Super-Computer in order to remove the new world-destroying plan that you have just mentioned from her mind?” Panty shrugged her shoulders and curiously asked Inner San Dol as said girl began operating Outer San Dol’s Central Nervous Super-Computer in order to cause it to display a giant timer that far-too-clearly showed how pitifully small the amount of time that Fighter’s servants and Panty had left was to them.

“I have deliberately made said plan quite-nearly impossible to remove from San Dol’s mind without fatally damaging her almost-completely defenseless brain in the process, and even if you and said ants somehow DO manage to get said plan out of San Dol’s head without doing said utterly horrific thing to her in the process, you still are NOT going to be able to prevent me from replacing it with a new version of itself or...well, you know, simply controlling her body with MY mind!” Inner San Dol crossed her arms behind her back and quite-informatively explained to Panty. “Hey, WAIT a minute; I still need more proof of this ‘San Dol being an evil demon who wants to take over the world’ thing that you are talking about actually being real!” Panty placed her hands onto her hips and frustratedly told Inner San Dol, causing said girl to quite-mischievous-lookingly smirk in response to said complaint.

“FINE; if you actually do want even MORE proof of the fact that San Dol is an evil demon who wants to ‘take over the world’, then go ahead and take a look at THIS stuff!” Inner San Dol frustratedly told Panty while opening up new tabs in Outer San Dol’s Central Nervous Super-Computer in order to show the contents of said girl’s memory/information banks to Panty as she did so. “HOLY FUCKING SHIT! YOU’RE RIGHT!” Panty tightly covered her mouth with both of her hands and gaspingly yelled as Inner San Dol revealed the fact that Outer San Dol actually WAS completely aware of being an evil demon who wanted to “take over the world” to said whore.

“Well, couldn’t me and your servants simply control San Dol’s body with OUR minds in order to force her to kill herself?” Panty shrugged her shoulders and curiously asked Inner San Dol. “I already have rigged San Dol’s mind so that me and her are the only people who are allowed to control what she DOES rather than just controlling what she SAYS, so you and my servants basically have exactly ONE good option left when it comes to world-saving methods; you and said servants are going to have to completely destroy San Dol’s brain so that it won’t be able to grow back!” Inner San Dol crossed her arms over her chest and gleefully explained to Panty, causing said whore to almost-completely freeze in terror as said girl did so.

“But...but...me and your servants CAN just call a doctor in order to make said doctor do that, right?” Panty fearfully-tremblingly crossed her arms behind her back and asked Inner San Dol, causing Fighter’s servants to place their lower hands onto their hips, cross their upper arms over their chests and disgustedly glare at Panty in response to said extremely cowardice-showing question as she did so. “Firstly, Doktor Finkelhoffer is one of the only PEOPLE, let alone doctors,

who actually WOULD enjoy doing the utterly disgusting and horrific thing that you currently are talking about; secondly, do you REALLY want to completely become known for the fact that you are a sniveling coward who has been ‘working’ with a fucking DEMON?” Inner San Dol continued crossing her arms over her chest and head-shakingly told/asked Panty.

“Well, no, but can I at least give a ‘goodbye’ kiss to San Dol before me and your servants start killing her?” Panty blushing-and-smilingly asked Inner San Dol while fluttering her eyelashes at said girl as she did so. “UGH...FINE...” Inner San Dol disgustedly groaned as Fighteer suddenly stopped controlling the bodies of her and Outer San Dol while continuing to far-too-proudly hide/live in San Dol’s mind as he did so.

“HUH?!” Inner San Dol tightly covered her mouth with both of her hands and intensely-blushingly yelled in surprise as she suddenly began properly feeling/realizing how largely naked she was. “Have you been having SEX with me, you fucking SLUT?!” Inner San Dol threw her arms out beside herself and angrily-and-confusedly yelled at Panty after looking at the almost-completely naked bodies of said slut and herself and actually becoming quite aroused as she did so.

“No, but I definitely am about to START doing so!” Panty tightly hugged Inner San Dol with both of her arms and lovingly told/teased her while pressing her breasts against hers and looking directly into her eyes as she did so. “Of COURSE you are, sister...” Inner San Dol erotically whispered into Panty’s right ear, causing said whore to intensely-blushingly grin from ear to ear in response to said words as they flew straight through her right ear canal and into her comically small brain.

“MMMMMM...OHHHHHH...AHHHHHH...” Panty and Inner San Dol increasingly-arousedly moaned as they incredibly-tightly-and-warmly hugged each other while French-kissing each other as they did so. “OHHHHHH...OOOOOOH...OHHH, MOMMY...” Panty and Inner San Dol even-more-arousedly moaned as they made themselves completely naked and then immediately began rolling back and forth and fucking each other on the floor of Outer San Dol’s brain while Fighteer’s servants utterly-disgustedly and incredibly-confusedly watched as the two of them did so.

“OHUOH...EWWWWWW!” one of Fighteer’s servants stuck his tongue out and green-facedly retched while rather-intensely cringing as he did so as Panty and Inner San Dol began licking and kissing each other’s bare feet, digging into each other’s butts and vaginas with their mouths and scissoring each other. “UGH! BARF!” another one of Fighteer’s servants covered his eyes with his upper hands and completely-agreeingly said while Panty was busy pretending that Inner San Dol was her mother. “HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH!” another one of Fighteer’s servants pointed at Panty and Inner San Dol with his upper hands and merrily laughed at the two of them while intensely masturbating with his lower hands in the process as Panty began sucking on Inner San Dol’s breasts as if said breasts were milk bottles.

“AHHHHHH...having sex with Panty really does feel SO fucking good...” Outer San Dol humiliatedly-yet-happily thought to herself as she finally woke back up, causing both Inner San Dol and Inner San Dol’s clothes to seemingly-completely disappear in the process while Honetora annoyedly squirmed in discomfort due to how much time Outer San Dol had just spent hugging/squeezing him. Meanwhile, inside Outer San Dol’s brain, Panty already was very-regretfully re-signature-clothing herself as much as she was able to (her panties still were gone due to what Outer San Dol had done to them) and readying herself for some good old-fashioned brain busting.

“Hey, Panty; what exactly ARE you doing in my brain right now? Uhh...Panty? HELLO?” San Dol jumped back down onto the floor of her bedroom, gently-and-lovingly placed Honetora on said floor and then increasingly-worriedly began asking Panty. Meanwhile, inside San Dol’s brain,

Panty already had taken a quite large pair of hedge shears from the pockets of one of Fighteer's servants and began flying directly toward San Dol's brain cell transportation wires.

"OH, DEAR GOD, IT'S HAPPENING AGAAAIN! MY BRAIN! MY HOT...SEXY...BRAAAAAAIN!" San Dol extremely-tightly clutched her head with both of her hands and incredibly-loudly screamed in both pain and terror as she helplessly rolled and writhed on the floor of her bedroom. Meanwhile, inside San Dol's brain, Panty already had started cutting San Dol's brain cell transportation wires into pieces with her new pair of hedge shears while Fighteer's servants were busy crawling around on the inner surface of San Dol's brain and eating her brain tissue as they did so.

"HYAAAGGGH! HYAAAGGGH! HYAAAGGGH!" San Dol blood-curdlingly shrieked in agony while uncontrollably convulsing and drooling on the floor of her bedroom in the process as Panty re-sharpened her fingernails and then immediately began cutting the aforementioned brain tissue of the poor girl into pieces while regretfully crying and becoming possessed by Fighteer as she did so. Predictably enough, not even five minutes later, San Dol's cerebrum already had been completely destroyed, causing said girl to basically become a cross-eyed, drooling and bloody-nosed corpse while Honetora extremely-frightenedly propped her head up against her bed in order to prevent Fighteer's minions and Panty from accidentally dealing any more damage to the inner workings of said head.

"GOOD FUCKING RIDDANCE!" Panty hatefully sneered while suddenly having Fighteer's attitude as she poured the contents of a nice, big and absurdly dangerous bottle of liquid neuro-poison that she had taken from the pockets of another one of Fighteer's servants directly into the top of San Dol's brain stem and caused said stem to completely-irreparably shrivel up and break into pieces roughly one minute later by doing so. Meanwhile, Fighteer's servants stood on the floor of San Dol's brain case and extremely-disgustedly glared at Panty in response to what she had just said.

"Alright, you guys; are you ready to show ME how smart you can cause ME to become by entering MY head?" Panty crossed her arms over her chest and unbelievably-smugly asked Fighteer's servants after she and said ants had finally finished crawling/flying out of San Dol's ears and onto her bed while Honetora was busy curling himself up into an almost-completely motionless ball of fear, sadness, pacifism and confusion on the floor of said bedroom and devastatedly crying and growling as he did so due to the fact that San Dol was dead. "UGH...FINE..." one of Fighteer's servants shrugged his shoulders and exasperatedly groaned before then very-reluctantly pulling one of San Dol's size-altering laser pistols out of one of his pockets and then firing one of said gun's grow rays directly into Panty's deceptively beautiful face in order to finally enlarge said whore back to her normal size.

"I'M the queen of this house NOW!" Panty merrily said as she jumped off of San Dol's mattress and then surprisingly-gracefully landed on the floor of said girl's bedroom while Fighteer's servants were busy utterly despising the personality of said whore but also utterly loving the body of said whore atop said mattress. "Oh, don't be such a baby; BRAINS grow back!" Panty merrily told/teased the intensely shaking and growling Honetora as she scooped him up into her arms before then immediately throwing and locking him into the adorable little "kitty cage" that was right next to San Dol's bed. "GRRRRRR..." Honetora angrily growled at Panty as said whore immediately removed her footwear and then almost-as-immediately climbed back onto the top of San Dol's mattress while surprisingly-carefully making sure that none of Fighteer's servants would get squashed by her as she did so.

"Now, before you guys enter my head in order to turn me into a total fucking genius so that I will become able to find ways to cure the diseases that San Dol supposedly had been trying to find

ways to cure when we killed her, would you mind causing me to feel a bit more comfortable than I currently feel?" Panty sat down atop San Dol's mattress, crossed her arms over her chest and smirkingly asked/teased Fighiteer's servants as she incredibly-arousingly placed her extremely beautiful red-toenailed feet right in front of their faces while crossing her outstretched legs as she did so. "YUM..." Fighiteer's servants intensely-blushingly thought to themselves in response to said teasing as they immediately began crawling/climbing around on Panty's completely bare feet while passionately licking, rubbing and kissing said feet and causing her to blushingly giggle and wiggle her toes as they did so.

"Now, I want you guys to crawl into my vagina and then immediately start attacking it in order to punish me for how much of a naughty girl I've been..." Panty crossed her arms behind her head and quite-arousedly told Fighiteer's servants as said ants somewhat-reluctantly climbed/crawled straight up her outstretched legs and into her completely exposed and defenseless vagina.

"OWWW...OOOGH...UGGGH...YEAAAHHH..." Panty increasingly-arousedly moaned with delight as Fighiteer's servants crawled around inside her vagina while repeatedly and quite-painfully biting it as they did so.

"Now, go a-HEAD and start cleaning my ears..." Panty tugged on her earrings with her hands and delightedly told Fighiteer's servants as said ants climbed/crawled straight back out of her far-too-clearly about-to-erupt vagina and then crawled/climbed straight up her torso and into her ears.

"AHHH...this ear-cleaning method really is SO much more effective and satisfying than using Q-Tips..." Panty crossed her arms behind her head, closed her legs, closed her eyes, experienced a quite intense orgasm and lovingly told Fighiteer's servants as she felt said ants crawling around increasingly-deeply inside her dirty and waxy ear canals while eating her quite sour-tasting ear wax as they did so.

"Now, get ready to cause my brain to become as powerful as it fucking DESERVES to be!" Panty placed her hands onto her hips, closed her eyes and incredibly-arrogantly told Fighiteer's servants while grinning from ear to ear as she did so. Meanwhile, said ants already had finished eating the non-indestructible portion of said whore's ear wax and were standing right next to her precious little ear drums that looked and were every bit as literal as San Dol's while rather-intensely shaking with anger as they did so.

"Oh, believe us; we definitely ARE about to do that..." one of Fighiteer's servants seethingly told Panty by speaking directly into her left ear drum as said ants immediately began making their way through her middle/inner ears and into her largely empty brain case. "Hey, WAIT a minute; are you guys currently trying to tell me what I THINK that you guys currently are trying to tell me?" Panty extremely-frightenedly asked Fighiteer's sadistically grinning servants as said ants immediately began getting themselves ready to deal untold damage to her pitifully small brain until she completely died as a result of said completely deserved and even-more-completely fatal brain damage. "10...9...8...7...6...5...4...3...2...1..." Fighiteer suddenly flew back out of Panty's brain and then immediately and increasingly-arousedly began counting down inside her head as his servants bare-footedly stood on the floor of her brain case and far-too-excitedly looked at her aforementioned brain while she was busy completely-helplessly and increasingly-scared-lookingly curling herself up into an upright and trembling fetus-shaped ball on San Dol's bed.

"OH, DEAR GOD, NO! PLEASE DO NOT ALLOW THE UTTERLY FUCKING PATHETIC INSECTS THAT PRESUMABLY ARE IN MY FUCKING HEAD RIGHT NOW TO TURN ME INTO A COMPLETELY FUCKING BRAINLESS CORPSE! PLEE-HEE-HEE-HEASE DOH-HO-HO-HON'T!" Panty extremely-tightly clutched her head with both of her hands, wildly rolled and writhed on the floor of San Dol's bedroom, and unbelievably-loudly cried and screamed in completely unbearable agony as Fighiteer's servants completely destroyed her brain by using little more than their bare hands and teeth. Naturally enough, one of said servants became possessed by

Fighteer as said utterly horrific thing(s) happened.

“Good night, sweet princess...” Panty used her last few remaining brain cells to barely-even-alively say to San Dol before then immediately, cross-eyedly, bloody-nosedly and droolingly collapsing right next to the completely dead body of said girl and becoming...well, completely dead. After crawling back out of Panty’s ears and then climbing down onto the floor of San Dol’s bedroom, Fighteer and his servants immediately enlarged themselves to (roughly) Panty’s size by using one of San Dol’s size-altering laser pistols while Honetora bewilderedly watched as said room suddenly became filled with giant ants.

“Alright, my fellow actors; the main part of our current mission FINALLY has been completed! We have successfully killed Panty and Stocking in one of THE most unbearably slow, painful and humiliating ways that we are capable of as a punishment for the unforgivably numerous small grammar mistakes that they have made while editing TV Tropes, and the world that the two of them have been living in has become almost-COMPLETLY defenseless against us and our fellow aliens as a result of said deaths!” Fighteer gently inserted the size-altering laser pistol that he had just used back into his pockets and merrily told his servants as he and said servants immediately began walking back out of Daten City’s Church. “Alright, you guys; we have completed our mission and therefore need to be picked up in the front yard of Daten City’s Church! However, PLEASE make sure that you get rid of San Dol’s pet Chinese dragon BEFORE you start picking us up! We DEFINITELY do not want any of you guys or any of ourselves to accidentally die right now!” Fighteer told another group of his fellow aliens by using his smartphone as he and his servants eagerly began standing in the main entrance of Daten City’s Church and waiting for said aliens to arrive at said church.

“Okay; we’re ready to pick you guys up now!” the aforementioned aliens that Fighteer was phone-calling cheerfully told him after they had finished effortlessly vaporizing San Dol’s also-aforementioned robotic Chinese dragon by shooting it with a fully charged one of their UFO’s laser beams (which actually was one of the only things that WERE able to non-slowly kill it, with normal laser beams generally not even coming close to being ones of said things) while it was angrily flying toward said UFO. “Thank you!” Fighteer surprisingly-gratefully told said aliens as they finally landed their UFO on the aforementioned front yard of Daten City’s Church and then immediately opened its main entrance hatch so that Fighteer and his servants would become able to properly enter it.

“Hey, WAIT a minute; if Fighteer was able to possess Panty and Stocking after dying and becoming a ghost, then shouldn’t Panty and Stocking be able to possess US right now?” one of Fighteer’s servants unknowingly asked him as Fighteer and said ants relievedly walked into the extraterrestrial-ant-filled UFO that they had just gotten permission to enter. “I actually AM Fighteer, and one thing that you definitely should know about Earthlings such as Panty and Stocking is this one: when they die, their ghosts immediately become permanently trapped in Heaven and Hell, with the good ones of them going to Heaven while the bad ones of them go to Hell. Naturally enough, Earthlings who attempt to break that rule without being allowed to do so are the main targets of the signature weapons that Panty and Stocking use.” Fighteer surprisingly-politely explained to said servant of his as the aforementioned UFO that he and “his fellow actors” had just entered got its also-aforementioned main entrance hatch closed by its pilots and then immediately got flown back up into outer space by said pilots and disappeared without a trace. Meanwhile, in Hell and Heaven, the fully signature-clothed ghosts of Panty and San Dol already were busy arguing with Satan and God in their respective throne rooms.

“Oh, COME on; what do you fucking MEAN, my behavior has been completely-disgustingly selfish and immoral?!” Panty threw her arms out beside herself, rolled her eyes and exasperatedly yelled at Satan as said demon sat on his enormous throne and quite-angrily looked down at her.

“HMM...perhaps I should read this absurdly long LIST of ALL of the ways in which you have been an utterly fucking DEPLORABLE person to you...” Satan hatefully sneered at Panty as he conjured said list into his hands and then immediately began looking at it while Panty curled herself up into a sideways fetus-shaped ball on the floor of his throne room and hilariously-pathetically began crying like a baby.

“WHAT?! What do you MEAN, I won’t be able to hug Honetora or kiss Panty and Brief anymore?! Watch what you’re SAYING, ya FOOL!” San Dol shook her left fist at God and indignantly yelled at him as he sat on his enormous throne and quite-sympathetically looked down at her. “Well, unfortunately, when people go to this show’s versions of Heaven and Hell, they really do become eternally trapped in said places...” God hung his head in shame and regretfully explained to San Dol, causing said girl to completely freeze in both response to said information and abject horror while God boredly-and-tiredly covered his ears with his hands.

“HEE-YAAAUUUGGGHHH!” San Dol got down onto her knees, tightly clutched her head with both of her hands, looked straight up into the sky and cryingly screamed in horror. Meanwhile, in Daten City’s Church, Brief and Garterbelt quite-similarly cried and screamed in horror after coming back home from the aforementioned park that they had been fishing in and then finding the completely brainless corpses of Panty and San Dol in San Dol’s bedroom after doing so.

“Gosh, ain’t I a STINKER?” Fighteer’s ghost suddenly appeared on the screen that this episode was being displayed on and asked Panty & Stocking With Garterbelt’s viewers after said screen had finally finished fading to black. Thankfully, this episode properly ended a few seconds later.

(Super Mario World’s “Cursed Cathedral” plays during the closing/end credits of this episode)

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